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D. Chilcott (N. Platte): Duraclean say gross \$9,00 per hour. I gross up to \$12,00. Many dealers do much better.



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E. Roddy (Hampton, Va.): Did \$600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.

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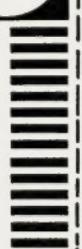
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VOL. 1
NO. 1
NOV

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Harriet Belkam

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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PRIVATE EYE

shoots off its mouth

A Talk with our readers

AS THE EDITORS OF PRIVATE EYE, we'd like to use this space to introduce ourselves to our readers. To explain as briefly as possible what our aims and objectives are. Perhaps in this way we can become better acquainted, and it is our hope that this acquaintanceship will grow into a lasting friendship through the issues and years ahead.

Right off, we'd like to go down on record as saying that the first and most important objective of any magazine is to entertain! We also want to say that as the editors of PRIVATE EYE we have dedicated ourselves to this objective. Of course, entertainment is not one thing. It has to be many things or it soon becomes dull. If, as they say, that variety is the spice of life, then we at PRIVATE EYE believe that the life of a magazine depends on variety. And that is exactly what PRIVATE EYE offers its readers, a variety of carefully selected subjects related to the exciting field of detection and law enforcement. Suppose we take these subjects up one at a time and show you what we mean.

Let's begin with *Adam Baxter*, one of the most interesting subjects you're likely to meet in many a moon. Adam Baxter typifies the *private investigator* at his very best. The key word behind Adam Baxter is action—fast, furious and flavorful. A man's man (and a gal's man too) you'll find the Adam Baxter adventure a balanced mixture of taut-drama, high-level suspense along with a pace guaranteed to keep you panting to the final exclamation point.

In the category of *Police Case Histories* we offer the *Barker-Karpis Gang*. Their rise to notoriety, and their do-or-die battle against J. Edgard Hoover's fabulous F. B. I.

For the reader who likes sleuthing we have provided an illustrated, mystifying case history. Here is a chance to test your detective skills. If you find yourself stumped, the solution will be found elsewhere in the mag.

There is also a TV section. Here, and in future issues, we will bring you the big names in the world of TV, and

movie crime detection and law enforcement programs. We will also offer "sneak-previews" of new shows dealing with the "private-eye," and according to one informant great things are shaping up in this direction.

As we said a couple of paragraphs back, entertainment was the one important objective a magazine should strive for. We also said that entertainment was variety. As one of these variations, and in a most stimulating manner, we've included a Photo-Story featuring *Liz Hunter*, our *Private Eye-Ful*. We think you'll like "Liz". On second thought, we don't have to think about it. We know you'll like her.

Since objectives have a way of reaching out into the future, we don't want to forget to tell you what lies ahead.

As the editors of PRIVATE EYE, our plans are to bring you, our readers, the very best in detective reading. Arrangements with the country's top authors have already been made as part of our program to make PRIVATE EYE just about the best detective magazine on the stands today.

If you have a preference for a certain kind of story, let us know. If you have a gripe, then sound off. It's only by knowing your interests that we can serve you better. Or maybe it's information you're after. If it's related in any way

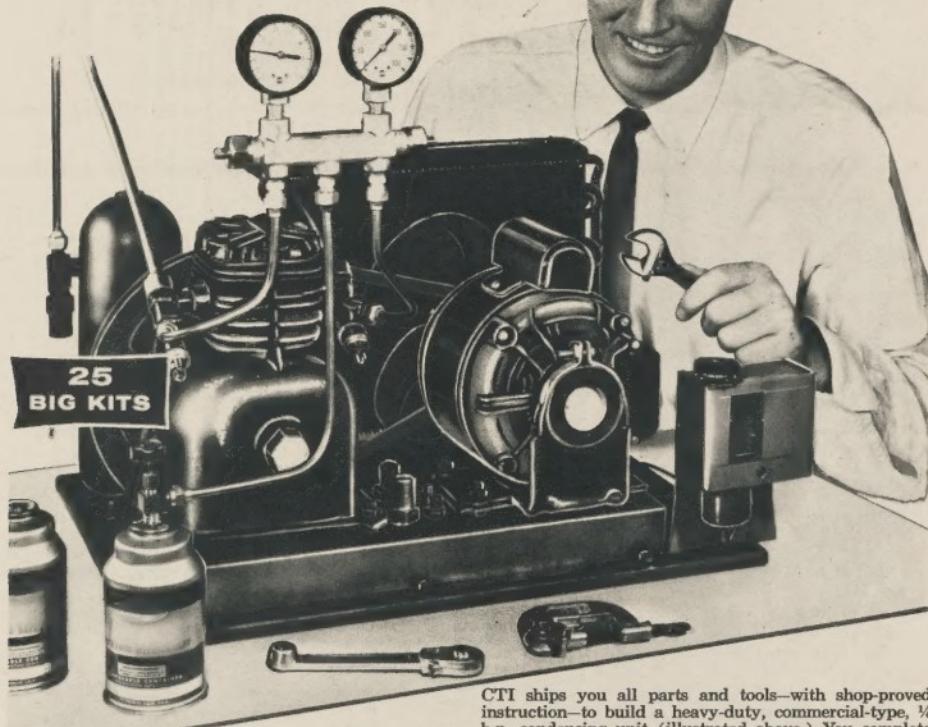
to detective or police enforcement activities we'll do our best to get the info for you. That's why we've included a "Question and Answer" department — just for this purpose.

To sum it up, it's been a lot of work, but also fun, wrapping up this first issue of PRIVATE EYE. We hope you like the package. It comes to you with our sincere wishes for the best reading ever.

SINCERELY,

The Editors

THIS is how you train at home to become a SERVICE ENGINEER in the Air Conditioning and Refrigeration industry...



An old industry offers bright new opportunities

Almost any industry has jobs for men with special skills. In many cases, good pay and steady work are the rule. Yet—would you be happy in being a repairman all your life? Wouldn't you rather have a job that presents a challenge—still bigger money—an opportunity to grow?

Listen, if you are ambitious to *keep climbing*. The air conditioning and refrigeration industry is growing so fast that 20,000 newly-trained technicians are needed each year. They can come only from the technical schools. Because installation and repair work is important, graduates may expect high pay and security right from the start. That's not all. A well-trained technician has a great opportunity to develop into a Service Engineer. As a matter of fact, 90 percent of all refrigeration engineers are former repairmen!

If you seek a *career*, not just a job, get into air conditioning and refrigeration. Your first step is to gain skill and knowledge. Learn at home by practicing with 25 big kits that CTI sends. Acquire experience as you train.

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PRIVATE EYE PREVIEWS



By Fernando West

Each issue we will preview what we believe will interest you whether it be Television, Movies, books or any other medium with a police, private detective or adventure theme. To the mystery fan—the best of seasons is coming up!

ABC television has come up with a new show breaking this Fall that promises lots of action and excitement. It starts a name that has been popular in the movies for a long time. Robert Taylor. The title of the series as we go to press is "Robert Taylor's Detectives."

Mr. Taylor will be seen in the role of Police Captain Matt Holbrook, a brilliant criminal investigator.

The series features Lee Farr as Lt. James Conway, Tigre Andrews as Lt. John Russo and Russell Thorsen as Lt. Otto Lindstrom.

This looks like a real colorful series with lots of interesting cases and characters. If you follow the police programs, then this is one we heartily recommend.

Another television show coming up is one based on Raymond Chandler's famed private-eye "Philip Marlowe."

"Marlowe" recreates the adventures of a tough detective who moves with equal ease from the world of squalleasers, ne'er do wells and double-crossers to the preserves of socialites, fast-buck pirates and moneyed hipocrites.

This again is real suspense and thrilling action. The title role will be played by Phillip Carey, and makes its debut in the early Fall on the ABC Television network.

POINT ??? ??? BLANK

Questions and Answers

To the Editor:

A friend and I have both wondered where the word *cop* comes from. My friend thinks it comes from the German, but I think it might've come from the French. Anyway, which one of us would be right?

Ernie Clark
Dayton, Ohio

Neither! The word comes from the English phrase, *Constable On Patrol*. By combining the first letter of each of these words, the word 'cop' was originated.

*

To the Editor:

I once heard that certain kinds of crimes happened more often at certain times of the year. Would this actually be a fact?

Robert Spivak
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Definitely. According to F.B.I. reports, crime patterns do follow the seasons. In the winter robberies will show an increase, whereas in the summer, homicide and assault will outnumber other crimes. In the late fall larceny heads the list. It might sound screwy, but there's no arguing with statistics.

*

Send your questions to:

POINT BLANK, Calyx Features, Inc.,
24 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I've often wondered how large the nation's police force actually is. Would there be as many as a quarter of a million policemen?

Michael Jenks
Muskegon, Michigan

You're way over, Mike. The 40,000 police jurisdictional areas in the United States are staffed by some 175,000 policemen. This is as of 1950 and includes part-time as well as fully employed law officers.

*

To the Editor:

It must take a lot of money to run the F.B.I. How much does it cost us taxpayers to keep the G-MEN going?

Harry Last
Ft. Worth, Texas

This will come as a surprise, but the F.B.I. is actually running at a profit. Since 1924 the cost of operation was \$983,179,840. But during this same period, the Agency collected both in fines and by recoveries, a total of \$1,390,093,138. Subtract the two and you'll find a plump profit of over 400 million!

*

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ACTION

Adam
Baxter

PRIVATE EYE

SING A SONG OF SEX-MAIL

I thought he was just another
rich old geezer who'd gotten into
a blackmail jam. Then I found
out about the secrets he and his
young nympho wife shared.

If I stood still I was a dead duck. I dived
for the bed and started swinging.



SING A SONG OF SEX-MAIL

IKNEW I HAD A CLIENT the moment I saw the shadow of a man etched against the frosted glass panel in my office door. Whoever it was outside in the hall paused and fiddled around, reading the gilt lettering "Adam Baxter, Private Investigator" at least a dozen times. That's a sure sign of a customer—one with problems.

I yawned and waited. Then the old geezer opened the door and edged inside. I saw that he was nervous and jumpy.

"Mr. Baxter?" he asked. I slid my feet off my desk, grunted, and eyed him carefully. He was about 58 or 60—strictly top-drawer Wall Street. He was the kind of well-groomed, expensively dressed older goat who is always blundering his way into a mess and then trying to buy his way out.

"I—that is—a friend of mine suggested . . ."

The balding moneymonger was having himself a hell of a bad time. He stammered and stammered and diddled with his expensive gloves and hat. I let him stew in his own juice a little and then nodded him into a chair.

"My—my name is J. Henderson Willoughby," he said. I whistled to myself. J. Henderson was a well-known man about town, a multi-millionaire financier, sportsman and pillar of the community. I rifled through my brain-box index file and remembered that I'd recently read a story that he'd separated from his wife—a real high society figure.

"Okay, Mr. Willoughby," I grunted. "What is it? You want me to check up on your wife—or is someone blackmailing you?"

(Continued on next page)

SING A SONG OF SEX-MAIL

He looked shocked and surprised. I told him that I couldn't imagine any other reason why he would find it necessary to visit a private eye on a cold rainy afternoon. He inhaled deeply, shook his head and made a gesture that indicated that he was ready to spill all his troubles.

"It's—well, it is blackmail," he began.

T

HE STORY WAS JUST about what I would have figured. Like many men of his income bracket and age, J. Henderson Willoughby had wanted to sow some last wild oats before his hormones gave out altogether. His choice for a playmate had been Annette Dahl, a redheaded, 22-year-old sexboat who warbled second-rate blues songs in a third-rate nightclub.

J. Henderson had fallen the way only an aging millionaire can tumble. He'd set Annette up in an apartment with all the trimmings—Caddy, minks, diamonds, the works.

Willoughby had been "visiting" Annette in her swank apartment about three, maybe four, times a week—all his fading metabolism could take. He and she had shed lots of inhibitions together during his "visits."

Unfortunately—and unknown to J. Henderson—some-one had evidently rented the apartment next door. Using all the old gimmicks—mike under the bed and a hole cut in the wall behind a one-way-glass mirror—some sharp hoods had collected a big batch of sizzling words and pictures of the millionaire and the doll making hay—in the hay.

I hit her across the face—once, twice, three times.



"Hold it!" I froze. The voice was a man's—

"Two men came to my office yesterday, Mr. Baxter," Willoughby went on. "They brought—well, prints of the photographs and copies of the tape recordings. They showed me the pictures and played the tapes—and they said they wanted \$250,000 within 72 hours!"

"Or else?" I asked.

"Or else they'd turn the things over to my wife—and my business associates," he replied. "With the photos and tapes, my wife could demand—and get—millions as an alimony settlement if she went through with a divorce. As far as my business associates are concerned, the disaster would be even worse. I'd be ruined—and totally disgraced in society!"

I could imagine what was on the tapes—and what the camera lens had caught. When a character like money-bags Willoughby takes a flier at sex and sin, he usually goes for the more exotic and bizarre nuances of the love-making.

"Okay," I shrugged. "I suppose you want me to take the case—and get back the negatives and all the tapes without the cops knowing anything about it?"

"Yes."

"It'll cost you," I declared. "I want \$2,500 as a retainer—\$10,000 more if I pull it off."

The check for the \$2,500 was in my hand, the ink still wet, a minute later. I waved it dry, took out a pencil and a pad and spent the next half hour asking Willoughby a lot of questions—names, addresses . . .

At 2:55 p.m., I was in his bank, getting the check cashed. I shoved the C-notes and fifties into my inside coat pocket—and got to work.

I

HAD A DAY AND A HALF before the ultimatum the blackmailers had given Willoughby would be up. They'd told him they'd telephone him and tell him where to meet them with the cash. I knew damn well that it would be useless to try and spring a trap. The gang wouldn't have the negatives and tapes along. I could be sure of that. The crooks had hold of a good thing—and they doubtless intended milking the millionaire for plenty. The 250 G's was only their first bite! (Continued on page 56)

D A N G E R O U S

C U R V E S

When they called in Hollywood's sexiest detective, it wasn't for a part in a new movie. This was a real life caper to uncover the scheme of a dame and her underworld boyfriends. It was a battle of shapes and action... with both babes giving their all, and that was plenty.



"We need someone with guts, brains and sex-appeal . . .

we need Liz Hunter."

**She could dish it out, and probably outshoot any male detective...
but brother, this was one private-eye that was all woman.**

a blonde Private Eye-ful

DANGEROUS CURVES

Liz Hunter

"I opened the bird to over a hundred miles per. The characters on my tail weren't playing footsie. I had to shake them... but fast!"



I WAS MORE THAN a little curious as I followed the receptionist through the thickly carpeted corridor toward the office of Cy Raymond, president of Zenith Pictures. The telephone call asking me to be there had come directly from Wilbur Freeman, the head of Zenith's publicity department and a big wheel in his own right. Then as soon as I mentioned my name to the receptionist she jumped up and said, "Oh yes, Miss Hunter. Please follow me. Mr. Raymond is waiting for you."

Cy Raymond was the last of the real old-fashioned movie moguls and dictator of one of the few big film companies still flourishing. He was one of the most powerful men in the movie colony, as well as one of the shrewdest and toughest. He wouldn't be fooling with divorce scandals or paternity suits or the blackmail occasionally attempted against stars. Those were the usual reasons for movie people calling in a private investigator. But this must be something much bigger.

My curiosity increased when I followed the receptionist through the great paneled door into the huge office, and found myself the center of attention of Raymond and four of his lieutenants. They were seated at a conference table at one side of the office, which was at least 40 feet long and 25 feet wide. The room was decorated in ornate semi-Oriental modern. Raymond's big desk at the other end was ebony with glass legs, and had four white telephones on it. The rest of the place was decked out accordingly.

Raymond, a stocky little man with a heavy sun-lamp tan, wavy white hair and an arrogantly self-assured expression, looked me up and down quickly with a heavy-lidded appraising gaze that missed nothing. His thin-lipped smile was cold and calculating, but he rose and said unctuously, "It's a pleasure Miss Hunter. I'm Cy Raymond."

He nodded curtly toward a chair at his left and two of the yes men flanking him bumped into each other pulling it out from the table for me. I smiled my thanks prettily and sat down. I carefully ignored the leering glances at my knees as I crossed my legs, and calmly waited for the next move.

THEY TOLD ME you were attractive, but I hardly expected anything so — sensational," Raymond purred. "You've got a figure, and you know how to use it." His eyes studied my legs slowly and then ex-

"I twisted her arm behind her back, and she squealed like a stuck pig... and frankly, I couldn't see any difference"

amined the rest of me, lingering over the fitted bodice of the sheer jersey dress that clung close. "You're pretty, and furthermore you've got class. You know what? If you got half the brains they say, you're quite a girl.

"Thank you, Mr. Raymond, but I'm sure you didn't call me here for a screen test."

"No, we sure didn't," he said. "But Jeff O'Farrell appreciates feminine beauty, and this should be a help to you." His eyes narrowed, and his voice took on a cold, hard edge. "Jeff O'Farrell is the hottest property in Hollywood today, and I made him. But his contract with Zenith expires after the picture he's working on now is completed. And he doesn't want to sign with us again. It's not money. We're willing to let him write his own ticket, practically. But the dumb son of a bitch has gone for a dame named Carla Montell, who's got him ready to sign with a phoney independent outfit called "Modern Productions."

"That's not against the law," I said. "And if you just want somebody to snake him out of Carla's bed and into another, you must have a dozen sexy starlets that would do the job free."

"No, that's not our pitch," Raymond said. "This new outfit is really only a front for a bunch of the racket boys from Vegas headed by a guy named Nick Ambrazza. They don't want to produce. They'll wiggle out of that with a couple of cheap quickies and O'Farrell's percentage take'll be nothing. But what they'll do is gouge us and every other studio planning to use O'Farrell for everything we've got in so-called rent for him. They'll make a killing, but Jeff will be shafted and his box office appeal will be dead in no time. He'll lose as much as we will, but I've got to get some proof that this is so—I've got to have the goods on Carla Montell and this mob to prove it to O'Farrell, before he'll listen. It's up to you to get the proof and then 'persuade' him to listen."

This was a big one. I doubled the fee I'd planned on asking, got a healthy retainer, and set out to recapture the nation's number one male sex symbol for Zenith Productions and Elizabeth Hunter Investigations, Inc.

(Continued on page 43)



TV'S

PRIVATE EYES

Jacqueline Baer offers encouragement to Efrem Zimbalist Jr. as trouble shooter Louis Quinn looks on.



Stu Baily and partner Jeff Spencer are bracing themselves for action in an exciting scene from "77".



By FERNANDO WEST

"77 Sunset Strip" is one of the best of the TV detective series, of the tongue-in-cheek school. Mystery fans say they go for the stories—involved puzzlers that hold their interest till the last gunshot.

There's plenty of action: blood, bullets, blondes, red-heads, and brunettes. Stuart Bailey and Jeff Spencer, the lead characters, belong to the uppercrust of the "belted trench-coaters." They make the mid-century shamus look as if he has the perfect line of work. A minimum of gumshoeing around and a lot of frosty mixed drinks at "Dino on the Strip" (Owned by Dean Martin). The plots are clever and full of twists, seem to be solved between wisecracks. The endings usually carry a *stinger* you don't expect. Backgrounds are the wide, wide world all the way from Hollywood to the Far East.

Bailey and Spencer have a classy office on the famous Hollywood "strip." Complete with a French telephone girl, Jacqueline Beer, with a built-in accent!



Jerome Cowan as Fenwick, tries to revive Roger Smith in the exciting "Grandma Caper" episode.

* Private Eye

Baily gives Kookie a lesson on how to look for clues in a murder case.

A surprise of the show is "Kookie" Edd Byrnes, who plays an off-beat parking attendant. Since his success with the teenage *screamers*, his part has been beefed up to where he joins Bailey and Spencer in their crime cases. Byrnes has good reason to cheer this series which made him a star...

"77" is one of the private shamus capers to have made it BIG. As the answer to TV westerns, they captured a large crowd of panting viewers. The brassy-but-gently manner of the two leads are in the new style of gentlemen-toughs.



Bailey, played by suave Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., is an ex professor who has been in wartime Intelligence. With a dozen languages at his command, he plays the senior partner. Roger Smith as Jeff Spencer is the junior exec and boyish, not as polished as his sidekick, but just as *brainy*.

Solving crimes isn't the only thing Kookie has learned from the two masters. Girl is the beautiful Laurie Mitchell.

Seems to be a serious situation between Stu Baily and Kookie, with Sue Randall caught in the middle.



TV'S PRIVATE EYES



Looks as if Jeff Spencer is in real serious trouble.

Some shows have been .. "Hit and Run." In this one, Kookie has the grief—an old time star claims she has been disfigured in an auto crash with Kookie. Operative Bailey comes to the rescue, with evidence that clears him.

"Lovely Alibi"—Ed, a policeman friend of Bailey's, is suspended because he accuses an influential man of murder. The suspect is pinned down after Ed's girlfriend is mysteriously threatened. Spencer steps in again.

"Hong Kong Caper."—A letter to a wealthy man sends Jeff Spencer to China. This starts off a strange yarn in which Oriental characters threaten his life. All ends well—and in time for the last commercial...

"Casualty"—is a story where a **dead man** seems to be very much alive. With Kookie helping to solve the puzzle, Spencer uncovers a nest of gangsters.

But only for a moment as Private Eye Spencer quickly turns the tables.





Private Eye

Kookie offers encouragement to Jeff Spencer and his very pretty client.



We can't blame Stu for concentrating on his very pretty client.



A dash of comedy is added by Roscoe, a bookie who is a pal of the two dicks. Roscoe has underworld connections but he's a good egg—never steals from friends!

ABC considers this show one of its best and it looks like it will be around a long, long time. To its off trail stories, "77" keeps adding interesting characters and keeps hitting the target.



Jeff Spencer prepares to fire his tear-gas gun. There's always excitement and action in ABC TV's "77 SUNSET STRIP."





Mark Randall hadn't heard that voice in ten years. But it was a call to arms he couldn't refuse. Mystery, intrigue and excitement lie ahead, and the beautiful redheaded Irene Tedescu was at the end of the line.

RED means BLOOD

by GARY STEVENS

THE LIGHT SNAPPED GREEN and Mark Randall revved the gold tone T-Bird over the garage ramp and into the thin stream of post-mid-night traffic along New York's Fifth Avenue. He nosed the car south past the fountains in the Plaza and the dimly lit Roccoco hotels. As the blacktop roadway rolled away under the two-seater, Randall's mind was racing as fast as the eager engine.

Fifteen minutes ago he was Mark Randall, professionally respected and socially prominent bachelor lawyer sitting in the ease of his east side duplex apartment. Then the phone rang and in a few hurried words ten years of his life were washed away.

Mark thought back to the early years just after the war when his Army counter-intelligence job landed him in Berlin where he played a dangerous game of tag with ruthless Soviet agents. Now it was to begin all over again.

When the phone rang in his library, Randall lazily put down the legal brief he was reading and stretched his six-foot, well muscled frame over to the desk and picked up the ringing telephone.

"Hello," he said, thinking perhaps it was a friend, or at worst some anxious client with a problem that couldn't wait until morning. The voice on the other end belonged to no client and certainly wasn't mellow enough to be one of Randall's sophisticated lady friends.

"Hello Randall?"

"Yes," he answered.

"This is Nick Warden..."

"Nick!" interrupted Randall...

The voice on the other end said, "No questions. Just listen. Meet me in the snack bar of the ferry that leaves for Staten Island at twenty minutes after midnight. Will you do it?"

Without a second thought Randall listened to the voice of the man who had been his boss in postwar Germany and said, "Yes, I'll be there."

He heard the click as the line went dead on the other end.

Randall slucked out of his raw silk dressing gown and reached under the desk to a hidden drawer. He drew out an English Webley .38 cal. in a shining black shoulder holster and eased into the harness, buckling it on as he moved towards the hall closet. His mind was already going.

It had been almost ten years since he had last heard from Nick Warden, then a Colonel and now a Brigadier General, and he knew that the meeting tonight was going to be something more than a social call. (*Continued on page 46*)

Randall smashed his way inside, and even in the exchange of heated gunfire he could still hear noticing the voluptuous Irene Tedescu.





Ina Gardner
Suspect No. 1

FAVORITE SUSPECT

Ina Gardner on this page, and Martha Howell on the next page can make things pretty exciting for any virile Private-Eye. As far as we're concerned, they're both our...

Sherlock Holmes never had it so good.



Martha Howell
Suspect No. 2

Here's a perfect shot for your rogues gallery.



F. B. I. Chief Hoover called them, "The most vicious, dangerous and resourceful criminal brains this country ever produced."

THE BARKER-KARPIS GANG

by LEON LAZARUS

COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP and you won't get hurt." The words boomed loudly in the misty, pre-dawn light, then died away. The silence returned. Nothing stirred. The cottage, shaded by Royal Palms, betrayed no movement. Overhead, the last star faded from view.

His jacket collar turned up against the chilling mist, Walter Ferris, an F.B.I. special investigator, turned to his fellow agent beside him.

"I'm going to make one more try," he whispered. "If that doesn't work—He paused. "Well, then you know what to do, Dave."

Dave McMorris, one of the department's crack shots, carefully slipped his machine-gun off safety.

"Right," he whispered. "Only you be careful."

Ferris nodded grimly, then slipped forward toward the house. Some twenty yards off he stopped and once again cupped his hands to his mouth. "This is your last chance," he cried. "If you don't come out we'll use tear gas and force you out."

An ominous pause followed, then all hell broke loose. Bursts of orange flame blazed from an upper window and the air was shattered by the smash and whine of machine-gun fire. A burst of bullets tore up the ground at Ferris' feet. A second burst whipped overhead. A third volley thudded at his heels as he leaped for cover.

Now the battle was on in earnest as the F.B.I. men returned the fire, only their job wasn't going to be easy. They were up against a pair of desperate criminals. *J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation,*
(Continued on page 26)

Karpis opened fire. Within seconds the police were returning the fire.



THE BARKER-KARPIS GANG

called them; "the most vicious, dangerous and resourceful criminal brains this country has ever produced."

Oddly enough, one of them was a woman, the notorious Ma Barker. The other was Fred Barker, her youngest and favorite son. Their blood-spotted careers had its beginning many years before. For a full decade the sinister Barker-Karpis Gang had preyed upon a law abiding society. Their activities ranged from bank robbery and kidnaping to *murder!*

BEHIND ALL OF THE GANG's operations was the evil genius of Ma Barker. Born in the Ozarks near Ashgrove, Missouri, she married one George E. Barker in 1924 and in time bore him four sons. There was Herman, Lloyd, Arthur and the aforesaid Fred. By the time they were in their teens all of her sons had been in trouble with the law. What "steamed" Ma wasn't the fact that her children had broken the law, but that they had allowed themselves to be caught!

When her oldest son, Herman, was picked up in Webb City, Mo., on a theft charge, she admonished him with a piece of advice that she would repeat over and over through the years.

"Don't answer questions," she snapped. "Remember, Say nothing, lose nothing!"

The boys took this advice to heart, and when the Barkers moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, they had it down pat. Here they joined up with a group known as the *Central Park Gang*. It was petty thievery mostly, a kind of "prep" schooling for the criminal careers they were destined to follow.

In time, the Barker household became a kind of headquarters with Ma in command. Young thugs and hoodlums came to her with their problems and Ma supplied the answers. She sharpened their methods, improved their techniques. In short, because of her counseling they became more cunning, more ruthless. Before long her reputation spread through the underworld and more and more of her sons' gangster friends frequented her place. It was out of these gatherings that the Barker Gang began to emerge.

Ma Barker and her favorite son, Fred, remain inseparable in death as in life.



BY THE TIME THE ROARING TWENTIES broke upon the American scene, the Barker Gang was a flourishing institution. Operating under Ma's instructions the youthful killers and gunmen cut a bloody swath throughout the mid-west. For her supervisory skills Ma took a good cut, but no one complained. Everyone was in the chips. Everyone was doing great.

In their various hideouts wild parties were staked between their sorties in crime. Illegal whiskey and girls were plentiful. On one occasion, as the girls cut up, Ma flipped. Some of the molls had kicked off their shoes and wriggled out of their tight skirts. One of them was doing a strip tease on a table and was down to her panties. The boys were howling and cheering her on.

"That's enough," Ma shrieked when she burst in on the scene.

She dragged the girl off the table and slapped her across the face. "Put your clothes on and clear out," she demanded. She faced the other girls. "And that goes for the pack of you."

The girls didn't argue. Her temper up, Ma was a tigress. Silently they picked their clothes off the floor and filed out.

"Gee, Ma," Freddy protested, "Why'd you break it up just when it was getting interesting?"

Ma grunted. "Interesting nothing. If I let you kids have things your own way you'd be freed outside of a month. Liquor and women have their place, but up to a point. You boys went way past it."



The door crashed open, and in seconds all hell was breaking loose.

AS THE TWENTIES DREW ON, however, the Barker "luck" came to a temporary halt. Arthur was serving a life term in Oklahoma State Prison for the murder of a watchman. Lloyd was in Leavenworth for robbing the U. S. mail. Fred was in Kansas State Penitentiary for larceny.

The only one out was Herman, but fate had its own plans for Ma's oldest. He and a gunman by the name of Ray Terrell had teamed up, with Ma as usual in charge of the strategy. Time and again they knocked off banks in Kansas and Missouri. Chased but not caught, they fought many a gun battle with pursuing police. Then, in 1927, after holding up an ice-station, they were stopped and questioned by J. E. Marshall, a traffic officer. As the policeman prodded them with questions, the trigger nervous Herman whipped out his gun and came up shooting. In the brief battle the policeman dropped to the ground mortally wounded. Herman and Terrell fled.

Witnesses positively identified Herman as the killer and the search was on. It ended however, with the discovery of Herman's body in a patch of weeds outside of Wichita. His death was listed as a suicide, but the bullet wound may not have been self-inflicted. It is altogether probable that the bullet came from the policeman's gun.

With Herman dead and the other boys in jail, the Barker Gang was momentarily out of business. For Ma it was disquieting hiatus. During this period her husband, who was thoroughly fed up with his family's criminal career, packed up and left. He wasn't missed. Ma took up with a younger man, a gunman by the name of Arthur Dunlop.

For awhile things poked along and then Fred, Ma's favorite, was released from the Kansas penitentiary. While in jail, however, Fred had made the acquaintance of a gunman by the name of Alvin Karpis. Out of this friendship an unholy alliance was to be formed—a merging of criminal "talents" unequalled in the annals of crime.

FOllowing FRED'S RELEASE, Karpis soon regained his freedom, only without benefit of parole or pardon. While in solitary confinement for infraction of prison rules, Karpis somehow got his hands on a saw and hacked his way out. Fleeing to Chicago he joined the



Alvin Karpis, left, and Arthur Barker, right, were credited as two of the criminal brains behind the kidnaping of Edward G. Bremer.

"Now remember," she'd caution them. "In this place you'll do better with machine-guns. Flash them the minute you get inside. The place ain't too big and you'll be able to cover everyone easy. Now get going, and don't many of these bank robberies come off without a flaw."

On other occasions the unexpected might happen. A telegraph would sound a secret alarm and the fireworks would begin. Ruthlessly the gang would cut down anyone who got in their way. With a kind of sadistic glee they'd sweep the area with machine-gun fire as they'd back toward the getaway car. Then off in a burst of speed, the crumpled bodies of their innocent victims sprawled amidst the smoldering ruins.

DURING THIS PERIOD, as the notorious gunmen plundered and killed, their activities were not unknown to the F. B. I. Every deed of violence they committed was duly noted. Still, the G-men were unable to act. The Barker-Karpis Gang hadn't as yet violated a federal law. Until such time their apprehension was the responsibility of state and local police.

Meanwhile, under Ma's strategy, the gang shifted around from St. Paul to Reno, Kansas City, Chicago and back to St. Paul. Then, in 1932, Arthur Barker was released from the Oklahoma prison and when he rejoined the gang a new act had been added to their criminal repertoire. Kidnapping had come into "vogue" and it didn't take Ma long to con the gang into giving it a whirl.

Their first victim was William A. Hamm, Jr., a wealthy St. Paul brewer. Four days later, after payment of \$100,000 in ransom money, Hamm was released.

The gang kicked up their heels. They took up luxurious quarters in Chicago's South Shore Drive and wild parties

(Continued on page 52)



WHO WILL BE

Miss Private Eye?

Here are some of our selections for this issue's Miss Private-Eye. Why not send in photos of your favorite nomination. Those selected will appear on this page every issue. Send photos to... Miss Private-Eye, c/o Calyork Features, Inc., 24 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Georgia Bell
Atlanta, Ga.



Helene Smith
Dallas, Tex.



Valerie Jordan
Brooklyn, N. Y.





Even cops and robbers
has its lighter side as we
found out when we asked
cartoonists Bill Riley and
Don Orehek to do up a few
entitled...

THIS IS A LAUGH-UP



"Let's face it Miriam—you're spending it
faster than I can make it."



"I don't want to leave any fingerprints!"



"I SMASHED THE VICE-PHOTO RACKET"

By TOM NOLAN

**They say one picture is
worth a thousand words.
Only in this case it was
more than one picture,
and worth a hell of a lot
more than one thousand
words. And my life was
at stake...**

THE GIRL DANCED NAKED with her breasts bouncing like air inflated balloons while the man grabbed her by the arm and pulled her down onto the mussed up bed.

Out in the audience men whistled and laughed and clapped their hands. Then the police burst through the doorway and a raid was in progress.

I learned about it only an hour later when my former boss, Captain of Detectives Pat Monahan, phoned me at the agency office. In a confidential voice, he said, "Tom, if you've got nothing else to do for the next hour, stop by the shop."

I had nothing else to do. The other two members of my three man Acme Investigations, Inc., were out on the routine security lift prowls and an insurance claim investigation. So I went down the street to Pat's office.

The station house was heavy with familiarity, for I'd worked out of here as a Lieutenant on the 11th Detective Squad for six years until I'd turned in my tin for the right to be my own boss. That had been three years ago and I'd prospered since then well as a small agency can.

So I went through the duty sergeant's room and winked at the white haired old man in uniform who would sit there until the day he retired. I went right on back without challenge. Monahan's office was in the rear.



Some of the girls
were real dolls

Two men were present when I entered. One of them was white haired, with a big, rawboned face and shreds of tobacco clinging to his mouth where he chewed his cigars apart. That was Pat Monahan, a lifetime cop who had been my boss. In a way I suppose he still thought of me as one of his boys. That was why he tossed business my way. This time he was tossing me the portly, balding, jowl heavy man in the undertaker's shiny black suit.

"This is Mr. Chewett," the captain said. Then he added, pointing to me, "And this is Tom Nolan, the peeper I told you about. He once worked for me and now he's his own boss. I don't know if either one is a recommendation. But he'll give you an honest day's labor and he won't steal your money and that's the most I guess you can expect from any man."

The name, Chewett, was familiar but I didn't place it until Monahan went on, this time speaking to me. "Mr. Chewett here is a chairman of the Committee Against Obscenity. It's a private group that battles immoral practices in town. He's a little unhappy with the Department's Vice Squad at the moment. Mr. Chewett thinks they're not doing enough to wipe out the spread of pornographic literature and films that seem to be flooding in." The Captain hesitated a moment, then added dryly. "Can't say that I blame him. I'm

(Continued on next page)



"I SMASHED THE VICE-PHOTO RACKET"

not satisfied either. But then the syndicate that's spreading this scum seems to have most of our Department boys pegged. We haven't been able to get a man inside... so, when Mr. Chewett suggested a private investigator, I came up with your name." Monohan's smile had a frosted edge but it was the most warmth he ever showed. "I figured you could use the money..."

IKNEW THE RACKET he was referring to. In fact, in an occasional piece of divorce business I used a couple of the well dimensioned hookers who picked up easy money posing for indecent pictures. It wouldn't be a tough assignment for me. But I didn't want word around the Department

I pointed my camera in the right direction. It wasn't exactly easy keeping my mind on the job.

that I was claiming to be able to do a job they couldn't handle. So I played it modest. "That's all right, Captain. I'm glad to help. But why should Mr. Chewett be upset. Some of the Vice Squad boys did raid a stag party about an hour ago where they had the picture setup rigged..."

For the first time Chewett spoke. Although his lips were pursed there was a suggestion of a twinkle in his eye. "Yes..." he said. "Only they thought it was a teen-age dance and made the raid to get some of the kids for curfew violation..."

Even Monohan had trouble hiding his grin on that one. And I held out my hand. "Mr. Chewett, you've just hired yourself an operator." When he grasped mine in return I was surprised. There was a strong grip in those flabby looking fingers.

First thing I did was get a look at the mob they picked up in the raid on the stag party an hour before. The cops were still processing them through a magistrate's office where they were given a slap on the wrist and told to go and sin no more. There were about four hundred slobs picked up and only two hundred of them had gone through the mill. I spotted my guy immediately. He was probably the most innocent looking one of the lot; a meek little fellow with deep sunk eyes and a tic along the left side of his mouth. His name was Bruno Kluve. Though he was a photographer by profession, he made his money by distributing pornographic literature and acting as doorman and general helper at obscene demonstrations. At these last events, slobs, for a fee averaging twenty five to fifty bucks a head, could come, get a camera, and either take pictures to their heart's content or just stand there with their tongues hanging out and the drool running down their vests.

I let a cellblock screw know that Bruno and I had to have words in private. The turnkey started to give me an argument until I told him to check Monohan. A minute later he was back from the phone and I got a private alcove in one corner. Only for us. Bruno and I.

(Continued on page 60)

*She certainly knew her stuff.
It wasn't the first time she's
had her picture taken.*



YOU BE A PRIVATE EYE



THE CARR CASE MYSTERY



On the evening of March 22nd, 1952, detective Martin Paine was called to Pine Lodge. Waiting at the door was frightened Mr. Bailey.

Trembling with emotion, Bailey led the detective into the dimly lit study. From an overhead beam hung a lifeless body.

The dead man was Dave Carr, Bailey's business partner. They were spending the weekend alone at their country place.



As detective Paine looked things over, Bailey continued. His partner wasn't a well man. He had been despondent. Spoke of suicide.

The police were notified. On examining the body, detective Paine found positive rope burns on the dead man's neck.

Calling the dead man's doctor in the city, Bailey's statement was confirmed. Carr wasn't well, and he brooded a great deal.



The coroner's report summed it up. Death was due to asphyxiation by hanging. It appeared as a very clear cut case of suicide.

But then came the shocking surprise. Detective Martin Paine disagreed! Carr hadn't died by his own hand. He had been murdered.

Turning suddenly toward Bailey, detective Paine pointed an accusing finger. "And here is his murderer," he announced.

solution on page 44

Girl Friday to a PRIVATE



The hours are rotten... The pay is loow... the working conditions are brutal. But MM (Monica March) is crazy about her job as No. 1 girl to a Private Shamus.

The day starts with her boss giving dictation. Knowing how to take shorthand is not very important.

Some unexpected company, but Monica's in top shape.



On the job-training includes casing the joint for hidden narcotics, blackmail letters, and a dime for a cup of coffee.



* Private Eye

Phoning for the coppers gives her a chance to sit down. It's getting to be a rough day.

EYE

In this business,
A girl can't
be too careful.



Studying fingerprints can be very important. But while Monica studies her fingerprints, we'll study Monica.





"I felt a whistle past my ear, and a chunk of building flew past my nose. My own gun was spitting return lead as I threw both girls to the side."

SAM MENNING PRIVATE EYE

IN



BOSOMS and BULLETS

Greenwich Village can
be pretty exciting.
But it sure went wild
when I took on two
cute South American
packages as my clients.

I KEPT TRYING TO SHAKE the cobwebs out of my head. Man, did I get a going over last night. The divorce case I was working on for weeks finally came to a head when I caught the evidence and the big tank of a guy she was with in the parked car. Only for a private-eye, I forgot my lessons and edged too close. This big hulk spotted me, and used my head for a punching bag. The beard I had grown years before was no protection, and I could swear he grabbed me by it and threw me for a touch-down.

My mind was made up. At least the part that could think. As soon as I could get to my feet, I was going to tell that client of mine to go to hell. I'd send him his retainer back and let him get himself another bird. Besides, he was playing around plenty. I'm no judge, but I'd call this case a draw.

The phone ringing in my Greenwich Village apartment office snapped me out of my thoughts. In fact, at this point it sounded like a squad of fire engines, all in my room, with the sirens going at full blast.

FOR A SECOND, I figured I was in heaven. This was the sexiest voice I ever heard. I'm certainly no Gable,

but I sure felt like it right now. "Hello, Mr. Menning?" Mr. Menning yet. I haven't been called formally for so long now, that I almost forgot it was my last name. "Yes, this is him . . ." I could feel no more pain. "Mr. Menning, I wonder if you would be good enough to take my case. That is my sister and myself would like to retain you for a few days." Now that she spoke a little longer, I could detect an accent. Man, I could just visualize the face behind the voice. It was the ginchest. "Tell me a few of the facts honey, like your name and what you have in mind." I knew what I had in mind. "My name is Violeta Juarez, and my sister's name is Maria. I can't tell you any more over the phone." "Okay, c'mon up to my place. Do you have the address?" A few seconds of silence and then, "No, it would be best if you could meet us at the Dew Drop Inn on East Eighth St. We are there now. Please do not disappoint us Mr. Menning, we are in dire need of your services." It was real crazy, but I was beginning to smell perfume over the phone. That beating I took really affected me. "Be right there Violet." How could I resist the perfume? I took a shower and got dressed. As a matter of fact, I was tempted to shave my beard. But I couldn't go that far. The beard was

my identification, and my passport to the beatnik crowd. They understood me and I understood them. No, I couldn't go that far.

I felt better as soon as I hit the air. The beret tilted on my head, and thoughts of two beautiful clients instilled an air of confidence in me. The Dew Drop Inn was a short walk from my place. I knew it well, as I did everything else in the Village. This was my town, my village. This was the area I chose to work from five years ago when I became an official Private-eye. After all, I had it all figured out at the time. I certainly was no T. V. detective. Five ten and a hundred and fifty pounds didn't make me eligible to take on cases that involved slugging it out hand to hand with the kind of hoods they showed on the screen. No sir, I stuck strictly to routine stuff and divorce cases. Only after the case I came up against last night, I was seriously thinking of knocking that off my list as too damned dangerous. I packed a rod, but I've never considered trying to use it even as a threat. I was entitled to carry one so I did. However, I made it my business to go down to the gun club once a month and practice marksmanship. Of that I was proud. There wasn't anything over a thirty-second of an inch that I couldn't hit. (Continued on next page)



BOSOMS and BULLETS



THE DEW DROP INN was just that. The first step down was so steep that if you weren't conscious of it, you could land on your noggins'. Maybe it wasn't a bad idea at that. The gootch they served you inside was so bad, it paid to go in a little groggy. I wondered why Violet picked this spot to meet.

"Mr. Menning, I presume?" My head turned to follow the scent of a heavenly aroma. In fact, I thought my head would never stop turning. Two of them. Two of the most gorgeous dark haired *señoritas* I have ever seen. And stacked to the gills. "Miss Juarez? But how did you know it was me?" "Surely you are joking, no? Your beard Mr. Manning." I tried to pass it off as a joke, but I sure felt foolish inside. I decided enough was enough. Grow up Sam, find out what this is all about and take it or leave it. I sat down at their table. It was barely two in the afternoon, and the place was empty except for the sloppy looking bartender putting on the ball game.

"O. K. girls, let's have it. What's the bit? Give."

"Mr. Menning, the reason we wish to retain you is that they think we saw a murder committed." This was the first time Maria spoke, and since she didn't make much sense, I directed myself to Violet. "Suppose you give it to me again honey, only this time in American. And forgoth sakes, call me Sam. You gals are giving me a complex with that Mr. Menning stuff." Violet picked up her cue. "Sam, we are models from Ponta-Diago, a small country in South America. We are here to model some of our fashions for your how you say it, high society? Last night at one of these functions, Maria and I walked into the garden to get some air after we have modeled. We heard two men arguing violently. We didn't stay, but as we walked back in, we met one of the men. He didn't say anything to us, but when we got back to our hotel room a few hours later the phone rang, and it was him. He told us to keep our mouths shut

about the man that was murdered, or my sister and I would get it. Then he changed his mind and said we would get it anyway. Sam, we're afraid. Only this morning as we left the hotel, we saw two hard looking men lurking outside. That's why we called you from here."

This was great. If I helped the girls out, I was breaking my rule of handling dangerous cases. This could mean real trouble. Peter Gunn would take it in a minute, and wrap it up within three commercials. But as for me, it was a different story. I'd have to think it over. Figure out my fee. I looked at Maria, and then I looked at Violet. I took another deep breath and caught whiff of that sexy perfume they both used... I took the case.

AFTER TALKING TO THEM some more, I found out that they would be modeling at one other very high-class shindig tomorrow night, and the morning after they would be taking a plane back to their own country. They found my number in the phone book and since I was close to the Dew Drop Inn they called me. I pointed out that my beard and beret was a dead give-away, and they pointed out that they wanted it known I was protecting them. It might discourage any further threats and possibly scare off the hoods until the girls are safely out of the country.

It started to rain as we climbed into the cab. "Hotel Eastwood driver."

On the way up to the fourteenth floor, I asked some more questions. "To tell you the truth girls, I haven't seen a paper or listened to a radio since yesterday afternoon. What did the press have to say about the murder?" "Sam, that's the funny thing about it, nobody said a word. It wasn't in any of the papers. Maria and I thought about going to the police, but what can we tell them. Somebody saw a murder? What murder? It all sounds so foolish."

Violet was right, of course, and I was going to suggest the cops, but first I wanted to know some more. "Look

honey, you don't happen to know the guy's name that called you by any chance?" "No Sam, I never saw him before last night." "One more thing, where did this society show take place, and who gave it?" The elevator stopped, and we walked down the corridor. "It was given by Mrs. William Wentworth, of Long Island. I don't know the exact address, we were escorted there. Everything, our whole tour was arranged in advance."

Maria put the key in the door, and I walked in first. I put my hand on the light switch, and as it went on I caught a glimpse of one of the biggest fists I've ever seen... and it caught me right on the left eye. I didn't see the other hand, but I sure felt it... right in the gut. I could feel my head bouncing against the wall as I slowly sagged towards the floor, and I also knew I was taking a few kicks in the belly for good measure. Then everything went black.

SLOWLY THE COBWERS began to clear. Out of the foggy foggy dew, I saw the most beautiful bosoms I have ever seen. They were covered by a sheer negligee, and when the picture became clearer I was able to make out Violet. "Sam, Sam, you poor boy. Drink some of this water." I started to pick my head up and the room began to spin. Little Sam stay-out-of-trouble sure picked a lulu this time. The divorce case was beginning to look tame compared to this. "O. K., whose husband hit me? Or is this a sample of how to get a revolution started." Violet managed to shut me up by pouring some water down my throat. I could see Maria also in a negligee sitting on the couch. Boy if this was a joint, two babes like this didn't have to go to all that trouble to get customers. Hell, I could've brought friends by the carload.

"It was two men, Sam. The same two that we saw earlier in the day."

Violet pitched in. "As soon as those brutes attacked you Sam, we started to scream our lungs out, people came out from all the rooms and that scared the men away." I put my hands to my swollen face. It probably looked like Picasso by now.

"Sam, get some sleep. We have a big day and night ahead of us. I don't think they'll bother us again tonight."

I spent the next day watching the girls try on clothes they were to fashion that night at the swank hotel apartment of wealthy dowager Hanna Van

(Continued on page 45)

BONUS

MESSAGE OF MURDER



Adam Baxter
PRIVATE EYE

Murder was nothing new to Adam Baxter. If the case had a pretty doll involved, so much the better. But this case had everything!

I**MESSAGE OF MURDER**

WAS ON MY WAY OUT when the phone rang. I snapped a cigarette from my pack, lit up and waited. The phone kept going. By the sixth ring I knew it was no use. I kicked the door shut with my heel and crossed back to the desk. I snatched it up, halfway through the next ring, waited a second, then gave it my professional, solid-citizen tone.

"Adam Baxter speaking."

There was this silence, and for a second I thought the line had gone dead. Suddenly a man's voice broke through. "Baxter," it rasped, "this is Peter J. Warren."

The name didn't ring a bell, but there was a peculiar hollow tone to the voice, as though he were speaking down a pipe. There was another pause, so I waited.

Suddenly it was back. "You still there, Baxter?"

I made a grunting sound.



"What's your business?" he growled. I let the smoke out slowly. I said: "I've got an appointment with Mr. Warren."

"I've got to see you," it went on. "You've been highly recommended."

"By whom?"

He brushed past it. "You've got to come up today. This afternoon."

I glanced up at the wall clock over the file. The little hand was on the three and the big hand was nudging it. I was thinking of a hot shower and the cozy dinner Carol had planned at her place. It was a very tempting thought.

"Look," I said, "it's Saturday afternoon, there's another client I have to see, so how about buzzing me on Monday morning, Mr. Warren. It can hold, can't it?"

"It can't," he snapped. "Someone's out to kill me!"

B

Y TEN AFTER THREE I was fighting the traffic north along the West Side Highway.

I edged my Pontiac through the bronze gates of Warren's estate at a little past four.

It looked very slick and very expensive.

It was a big stucco job, very elegant, but not to my taste.

There were a few tables beside the patio and a sprinkling of lounging chairs. There were also two county police

cars with their big silver stars painted on the doors.

I hit the brakes and cut the ignition. I had just lit my cigarette when a big, freckled-faced trooper pushed his head through the open side window.

"What's your business?" he growled.

I let the smoke out slowly. I said: "I've got an appointment with Mr. Warren."

He gave me his shrewd look—the corny bit with the eyelids squeezed down to thin slits. "What about?" I shrugged. "Let's find Mr. Warren and we'll both learn something."

He stiffened and yanked open the door. "*Out!*" he barked.

I wasn't going to argue, but I didn't break any records getting out. It was a real nasty silence and then there was the crunch of footsteps from behind.

We both turned.

There were three of them. The girl was a slender shapely blonde, on the tall side and looked spoiled. The young man could have been her brother. He was younger, not much over twenty. The stocky man in the rumpled, grey suit had policeman written all over him. It happened I was right on all three counts.

T

HE STOCKY GUY turned out to be Detective Boyle. He wasn't volunteering information, and when he put the questions to me I didn't hedge. Boyle was no amateur fresh out of police training school. He was a seasoned, slick pro. I told him about Warren calling me, wanting to see me, but I left out the bit about Warren's nervousness—his feeling that someone was out to kill him.

"Then you don't know why he wanted to see you?" he prodded.

"Other than it was important—no."

I gave him my big, dumb look. "Anything wrong with Mr. Warren?"

"Plenty wrong," Boyle sneered. "Mr. Warren is dead."

The only information I picked up was that Mr. Warren was found dead in a gully behind the house. Arthritis in the hip forced him to get around with a cane. He had fallen from the path into the gully, breaking his collar bone on the way down and smashing his skull against a boulder. A sixty-three year old man with arthritis can trip himself up pretty easily, but did he trip, I wondered, or was he helped along? At the moment death was attributed as accidental.

Boyle made no further attempt to hold me. We finished up at the patio and he told me to take off. I walked back to the car, slipped in behind the wheel, and then spotted the blonde coming my way. She was Diane Warren, the dead man's niece. The young man, was her brother Ralph.

I waited until she came up alongside and then gave her an inquiring glance. "You want to see me?" I asked.

"Why did my uncle want to see you?" she demanded.

"You heard what I told the police. I don't know."

"You're lying!"

Her eyes were icy blue, but I had the feeling that under different circumstances, and in the right place, they could warm up. I turned the key and hit the starter. The motor caught. I nodded and she stepped back as I pulled away. I was glad to be on my way. There was that shower, and I hated to keep Carol waiting.

A

AT A LITTLE PAST TEN the phone rang. I was stretched

out on the sofa, my head in Carol's lap. She was able to get the receiver out of the cradle without getting up. After a moment she handed it to me.

"For you," she said impishly, "and she sounds pretty."

It was Diane Warren. She had called the office and my answering service had given her Carol's number. She had driven into town and was in her apartment. She wanted to see me.

"Why?"

"I'd rather not say over the phone."

I nodded toward the pad on the table and Carol passed it along with a pencil. I jotted down the address, and I heard the click on her end before I could say good-bye.

Carol helped me into my jacket and walked me to the door.

"Will you be back later?" she asked.

"It might be late."

"Have you ever been locked out yet?"

I kissed her alongside the neck. "I'll be back."



D

JANE WARREN'S PLACE was in the East Sixties, one of those renovated brownstones. The carpeted hallway muffled my footsteps. I found her door and pressed the buzzer. She opened within ten seconds. She had undergone quite a change. Her hair was fluffed out and she was wearing some kind of lounging pajamas. She closed the door after me and led the way into the living room.

She poured me a drink and got to business. It occurred to her that I might have some notions about her uncle's death. If so, she wanted to assure me that I was sniffing a cold trail. Her uncle's death was an accident, pure and simple.

"And you dragged me up here to tell me that?"

She put her hand on my shoulder, then let it slide down my arm. "You think I'm spoiled, don't you?"

I was thinking something when the buzzer rang. It sounded exactly like a rattle. I turned to put my glass down when I heard her give a funny gasp from the door. When I straightened up they were moving toward me. They were big, tight-lipped and ugly.

The middle one wore his hat well down on what little forehead he had. His jaw was as thick as a mule's and he had a back to match. He shoved a stubby forefinger in my direction.

"You Baxter?"

"Adam Baxter," I corrected. "My mother called me Adam because I was the first of her bouncing brood. Mother had nineteen, bless her dear, sweet heart."

He fumbled over this for a few seconds, then his eyes went hard. He glanced up at his tall partner and nodded towards me. "A wise guy, no less."

The tall guy was no nonsense. He came in fast. I side-stepped, but not in time. He caught me alongside the

cheekbone. As I reeled, muleface got in the fun. There was a chopping blow behind the ear, then another in the small of my back. Muleface must have worked his way around behind me. It had his touch. I was going down when the tall guy caught me by the lapels.

"Stay clear of the Warren business," he muttered. Then he let me fall.

I came to on the sofa with a cold compress on my head and a body full of aches.

"I don't know who they were," Diane protested. "That's the truth, Baxter."

I looked around dazedly. A tall guy with a sunburned face peered into mine. I turned to Diane.

"Who's he?"

"Dave Garrett, my fiance." She made it sound like an apology. "He dropped by only a few minutes ago. After they left."

"You missed the fun," I whispered painfully. "Right, Diane?"

I slowly got to my feet.

"Can I drop you off?" Garrett asked.

I shook my head. "You stay and talk with Diane."

She followed me to the door. "I'm sorry about what happened," she said. "But I had nothing to do with it."

I nodded.

"What about those men?" she whispered. "And their warning. You won't go looking for trouble. I'd hate to—"

I touched the goose egg under my eye very gently. "I had no intentions of messing around, but this changes things. I've got an investment going now. I'll be sticking around."

I

I CALLED CAROL and told her not to wait up, then I managed to get back to my place. I threw a piece of beefsteak on my eye, an icebag on my head and rolled into bed. I felt better in the morning. Not a lot, but some. I got to the office after ten, just when the phone began to ring. It was Dan Walewski. He sounded like an old coot with a voice like a rusty hinge. Said he was Mr. Warren's handy man. He wanted to talk to me on Saturday, but he'd have no truck with them police "fellas". Would I come by that evening. It was mighty important.

I said I would.

I closed up shop after six and I headed for the Warren place.

I got there a little after seven, passed the main gate and went on to the turn-off about a hundred yards up. There was a second gate there, just like Walewski said. I pulled over, braked and got out. The gate had been left open and I followed the narrow path. I could see the shack through the trees. I knocked on the door. It was very still. I knocked again. It was partially open so I stepped inside. Dan Walewski was home, but he was on the floor. There was a bullet hole in his left temple. He was very, very, dead.

I made the usual search. There was nothing on the inside, but outside, behind the right corner of the shack, I found a few cigarette stubs. There was no brand name. Whoever had smoked them had opened the wrong end of the pack and lit up the trade-marked tip. There was a matchbook though. It carried the name of a "Village" nightspot, *"The Lark."* I had heard of the place. Its reputation was smelly. I pocketed the matchbook and headed back for the car. I was home around ten. I didn't go to Carol's. I wanted to think. (Continued on next page)

MESSAGE OF MURDER

THE FOLLOWING MORNING I gave Diane a call. She was pleasantly surprised, especially when I tossed in the luncheon invite.

"I'd love it," she cooed.

She was waiting outside when I drove up. I flipped open the door and she slipped in. There was a clouded look to her eyes.

"Let's have it," I said.

It was about Dan Walewski. She had heard about it only minutes after I called. A neighbour's dog had found the body and set up a howl. The police were called and notification followed.

When I straightened up they were moving toward me. They were big, tight-lipped and ugly.



She faced me. "Who would want to kill Dan?" I said: "That's exactly what I wanted to know last night."

She gave me a funny look and I went on and explained about Dan's call and my going up to see him. "I wonder what he wanted to tell me?" I asked aloud.

She didn't answer. She sat with her hands folded in her lap until I pulled into the restaurant's parking lot.

We ordered cocktails and sipped them pretty much in silence. When the waiter left with our order I decided to make my move. I took out the matchbook I had found outside Dan's shack and put it down in front of her. "Ever been here?"

"You might as well 'fess up," I said. "Who do you know in *The Lark*?"

It came out piecemeal. She knew Nick Spanno, the owner. She had met him about a year back when some friends dropped by his place while hanging one on. She and Nick had become friendly. She was sketchy on the details, but she had become indebted to Nick. She had been placing some bets with him.

"What kind?"

"Horses."

I nodded. "And you've been running up a bill?" It was her time to nod.

"How many G's you in for?"

The cloudy look returned. "I don't follow..." "How much do you owe this Nick?" I demanded impatiently. Three . . . four . . . Five thousand?"

"About that. Maybe around five."

"Was he putting any pressure on?"

She nodded again. "Some."

That was about the end of it. We finished on a quiet note and I dropped her off at her place. She invited me up and I reminded her about her fiance.

"Doesn't he mind? I mean your asking strange men up to your place."

Her hand was on my arm. "But you're no stranger."

I glanced toward the car. There was about five minutes on the meter. "I'm out of dimes," I said. "I'd better get going before they hang one on me."

She was still standing by the curb, watching me go, when I turned the corner.

IT WAS A LITTLE PAST EIGHT that night when I dropped in at *The Lark*. There was only a trickle of business and the cigarette smoke hadn't built up a fog. I took a table in the far corner and waited. A drug store redhead in a black, skin-tight dress showed up; one of the hostesses. She gave me the smile pitch and leaned forward. I didn't object. It was an improvement on the general view.

"Something I can do for you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Go tell Nick I'd like to see him."

She straightened up. "Who shall I say?"

"Tell him Santa Claus." I laughed. "It's a joke," I explained. "Nick'll understand."

She disappeared through a rear door behind some phony palms. Pretty soon the door reopened and the three "musketeers" filed out with muleface in the lead. I wasn't really surprised. I touched the .45 tucked into my belt for luck. It was one hell of a morale booster.

The tall one, the one that clobbered me first at Diane's place, did the honors. "How come you wanna see Nick?"

I shrugged. "A business deal. I'm giving a private party." I looked around. "Maybe I should have it here—amongst friends."

Nick was a disappointment. He was short and bald. His complexion was the texture of mouldy cheese. The bad part was the mouth. There were no lips, just a thin, straight line.

He leaned forward across the desk. "What's your beef, Baxter? You got exactly three minutes."

"It seems you're holding a fistful of I.O.U.'s belonging to interested party."

He shrugged. "Is that all?"

"It could be more. You read the papers, Spanno. There's been a couple of deaths."

"So what. People die every day."

"That's not the right answer," I said.

The straight, thin line twitched. He nodded toward his goons. Only this time I was ready. Muleface caught it. I rammed the snub-nosed end of my automatic into his gut and he gasped like a punctured tire. I then shoved it under his chin.

"Make a move," I snapped, "and what little brains he has will be decorating your wallpaper."

His buddies froze. Muleface was whimpering. Nick gave me a long, solid stare. "You're way off, Baxter," he said. "I don't scare, and I could get you for this in my own time and in my own way. Only you've got the pitch all wrong. This isn't my kind of operation. My advice is put up and clear out."

There was no point to sticking around. I felt for the door behind me, turned the knob. Tucking the automatic back into my belt I slipped out.

I braked at the first corner and checked the street lamp. I was way off on Christopher Street. I began heading north. At Fourteenth I pulled up alongside an outdoor phone booth. I dialed and waited. It rang twice, then Diane answered. I did all the talking. I was taking a raincheck on her invitation. She could expect me at her place in twenty minutes. I hung up and was on my way.

She looked just a bit frightened when she answered my buzz.

"What's it all about?" she began.

I didn't give her a chance to think. I had her by the arms and gave it to her straight. "You've been lying," I growled. "Lying like crazy."

She shook her head. "About what?"

I didn't take to the bait. "What's the daily-double?" I snapped. "What month do they run the Derby?"

She was on the point of tears.

I gave her a few solid shakes. "You've been lying," I repeated. "Covering up. For who?"

I heard the slight noise from behind. I turned. There was only a small lamp on. The bedroom door was open and the dark, blurred figure sped for me. I saw the gleam of metal in his hand and I swung my body forward. I hit him across the groin with the flat of my hand and he doubled up. Then I came out of my crouch, leading with my right. It smashed into his mouth and he went limp. He toppled over without a sound.

Diane was at his side crying. I got up and brushed the hair from my eyes.

"Are you going to call the police?"

I nodded.

She looked at me through her tears. "I wanted to help him," she sobbed.

WRAP-UPS ARE usually anticlimactic. Ralph's story followed the pattern. The gambling debts were his and his uncle would come through. The inheritance seemed like the only thing, especially as Nick kept up the pressure. He bungled the first few tries and old man Warren gave me the buzz. Then the kid put through the finishing touch. Dan's killing was a messy follow-up. The old guy had spotted Ralph when he gave his uncle the final shove and so old Dan just had to go. In-so-far as Nick, like I thought, he was in just to protect his investment. And what about me? What was I in it for? There wasn't even a fee!

My body still ached when I got to Carol's that night. She got out the liniment and went to work.

"When were you sure that Diane Warren was lying about those racing bets?" she asked.

I yawned. "When I remembered our conversation we had at lunch. I asked her how many G's she was in for to Spanno and I drew a blank. Now what gambler wouldn't know what a G is?"

Carol grinned. "Not knowing any gamblers, I wouldn't know."

I reached up and pulled her down beside me. That's when the phone rang. She started to reach for it and I took her hand.

"Let it ring," I said.

"Whatever you say," she whispered. "You're boss!"

THE END

Dangerous Curves



(Continued from page 15)

THAT NIGHT I was draped over a bar stool as fetchingly as possible in the Santa Ynez Inn, a beach spot in Santa Monica. It was O'Farrell's favorite hangout. I had donned my hunting clothes—a simple black cocktail dress that fitted close and was slashed to the waist in front.

I waited patiently and about 10 o'clock Jeff and his little blonde wiggle came in. He was a big good-looking guy with brown curly hair, real muscles and real sex appeal.

The gal with him wasn't bad. She had a provocative full-lipped pout and roving black eyes. She had on too much make-up, but that was all she had on too much of. She wore a white dress that looked like it was a size smaller than her skin.

They sat down at the bar, three stools away. He sat on the side of her that put him nearest to me, and I decided I had scored once.

"Hey, Sweetie, are you with me or not?" she hissed angrily at Jeff. "Or would you rather sit and ogle that blonde all night?"

"I'm sorry, Honey. I just recognized somebody I've seen on the lot. I didn't mean to stare. Don't get mad."

"Well, I'm ready to leave this joint," Carla snarled. I'm going to the powder room, and then I want to take off.

And with that she slid off her stool and undulated across the floor with a walk that turned every male head in the place.

He turned back to me with the most appealing grin this side of the old Shirley Temple movies.

"I have seen you around the lot, haven't I?" he asked.

Then he thought to ask my name, and I said, "Liz, just Liz. And I'll be leaving here alone . . ."

"I can make it alright," he said. "I'll be back in exactly one hour—that'll be 12:15. Okay?"

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• Private Eye

spun into the lot and up beside me and Jeff O'Farrell uncoiled his big frame from behind the wheel.

"Climb in," I invited with a big smile.

We made a series of clubs and bars in fast succession.

Then went into my apartment

AS SOON AS WE were inside I went to the window and opened it and stood long enough so the gorillas would see me. When Jeff came over to kiss me, I let him, and I put my all in it.

I unclenched us, and said, "How about that drink?"

After I gave him his drink and had mine, I flipped the lamp down to its lowest setting and wandered by the window. I was just in time to see the sedan pulling off. They had seen enough.

Jeff was on the sofa.

"Aren't you going to sit down," he said. "What's the matter, don't you like me?"

"Of course I do," I said, slipping down beside him.

"But I can't let you stay all night. My reputation, you know. Also, what if your girl Carla got wind of this?"

"She doesn't own me," Jeff replied. "I want to see some more of you."

"I assured him he would, and wandered by the window to look out. My own reference to Carla had reminded me that the hoods might be back. Sure enough, they were. And, I got a shock. There were three in the car now. This might be my big break. If the third one was Ambrazza himself, I might have a chance to make a real coup before morning.

Poor Jeff was a little upset that he couldn't talk me into a romance, but I insisted I was just dead tired, he made a date for the next day for cocktails.

I watched from behind closed blinds as he went down to the street, hailed a cab and departed. The three in the sedan got out and entered my building.

It was going to be touch and go, and I might end up with my girlish beauty mashed into a bloody pulp, but I had to chance it. I put the little automatic in the deep pocket of my terry cloth bathrobe, and set my tape recorder going in its hidden panel behind my hi-fi set. The buzzer rang.

My heart jumped when I opened the door. The third man was my pidgeon, Nick Ambrazza. The guy who had been

at the bar with earlier grabbed my arm and dragged me into the room.

"All right Baby, talk fast. What's your game? I don't have much patience with smart little girls who play dumb."

"What do you mean, what's my game? What's yours? You trying to blackmail Jeff O'Farrell or something with this little blonde tart? Why should you care if I make a little time with Jeff.

"I told you to lay off him," the gorilla who had been at the bar growled. "Shall I work her over to teach her, boss?" he asked Ambrazza.

Nick signalled him back, and peered at me intently, trying to make up his mind. I held my breath, waiting to see if I had convinced him.

Suddenly Nick smiled. "You're a pretty cute chick," he said. "I don't want to get rough with you. I could go for you myself.

"But you've got it wrong. You know who I am, and you think I'm out here to do something terrible. You talk about blackmail. But you're all wrong Baby. Nick's no criminal. I'm gonna be a movie producer. In fact, Jeff is gonna be my biggest star. That's the reason I take an interest in him. But that's all. Nothing wrong about that."

MY HEART WAS POUNDING. This was almost enough on the tape, but I needed a little more of the details. Enough so I could convince Jeff, and maybe have evidence of Nick's intention to commit criminal fraud.

"So what are you pushing me around for?" I asked, with the hint of a sob in my voice. "I'm not going to crab your deal or hurt Jeff. Everybody makes promises and wants to sleep with you, but they get mad if you want to get a lousy little part and get ahead. He could help me.

"Look Kid, take it easy. I told you I'd help you," Nick said. "I really will. Only stay away from him. I tell you what, suppose we have dinner tomorrow, and I'll start right away. I'll really do things for you."

His hand roamed down my shoulder and bare arm.

"I still don't understand why you're picking on me, and watching out so carefully to see that that little black-haired dame gets O'Farrell. What is she—a relative of yours?"

"Her," he burst out, "a relative of mine? Nah, she's only a call girl from our Chicago set-up. She's getting Jeff

(Continued on page 46)

BOSOMS and

BULLETS

(Continued from page 38)



Peltner. Boy they sure looked good to me in anything, or nothing. About eight that night we were ready to leave, when one important thing dawned on me. Being an escort, and although I wouldn't be going inside, I'd still feel out of place if I didn't have a penguin suit on. The girls agreed, and it was decided that they would escort me to my Greenwich Village apartment for a fast change before we went to the shindig.

I must admit that after glancing at myself in the mirror, I cut a pretty handsome figure. Although, when I occasionally looked down, my beard hid the tie. "Let's go my two beauties." "Girls, I think we'll have to walk to the main street and hop a cab there. How's about me carrying those models bags for you. No sense in you kids luggin' it."

"No, no, Sam. We are used to it. In fact we would feel naked if we didn't carry these bags."

"As you wish. C'mon, let's take a short cut through this alley. It'll bring us out on Sixth Avenue. Boy, it's a nice peaceful night."

I felt a whistle past my ear, and a chunk of building flew past my nose. And as I threw both girls to the side, I cursed at myself for being so clumsy and taken in with my clients and the night air. I could tell when someone was throwing lead my way, and man, it was coming fast.

"GET DOWN and stay there, keep behind me, and don't start craning your necks to get a better view, or someor else out there may use it for target practice."

I caught a glimpse of a shadow looking out from behind a parked car. A shadow with a luger in his hand. I took careful aim and squeezed the trigger. His scream was good enough to tell me I haven't lost my touch. A moment later the starting of

(Continued on page 49)



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Dangerous Curves

(Continued from page 45)

O'Farrell to sign for me. That's the reason I'm making sure nobody gets in her way. Now do you understand?

He'd said it. Everything I needed was on the tape now. I almost burst out laughing.

"We'll have a date tomorrow, then, and you'll really help me," I said.

"Yeah, but never mind tomorrow," he said, pulling me against him. "What's the matter right now?"

"No," I said, acting shy. "After we know each other..."

"What's this 'after' business?" he exploded, dragging me down to the sofa.

"No," I said, struggling, and when he wouldn't let go of my arm, my bathrobe was pulled off one shoulder again and half off me and I got mad and slapped him.

That was the mistake. He hit me hard, with his fist, and for a minute I saw stars as the sofa floated up and I fell across the arm of it onto the floor, dizzy. He reached for me again. I was just aware of one thing beside my spinning head and that was a sharp bruise on my fanny as I landed legs in the air all wound up in the bathrobe. Then I realized the hard bruising object under me was the gun in the pocket of the robe.

I groped for it with my right hand as he pulled me to my feet by my left arm. Then I had it out and between us, and he saw it.

"Let go of me," I yelled. But he grabbed for the pistol.

The little gun made a pretty loud noise, but fortunately his hoods had gone all the way back to the car. He spun back abruptly and sat down on the floor, blood coming from under the hand he held to his side. People came running, and his thugs took off when they heard the police siren.

The authorities gave Nick his choice of getting out of the state or facing a host of minor charges when he was out of the hospital. He went back east. The tape was enough to convince Jeff O'Farrell that he was being taken for a sucker.

Zenith Studios gave me a \$1,000 bonus in addition to my fat \$5,000 fee. And Cy Raymond even offered me a movie contract, but I turned it down. I felt flattered though.

When we broke it all to Jeff, he was amazed.

RED
MEANS
BLOOD

(Continued from
page 45)

As Randall collected keys, cash and cigarettes into the pockets of his tan linen sport jacket he picked up the house phone and called downstairs to the garage twenty floors below.

"George, this is Mr. Randall. Have my car on the ramp. I'm on my way down." ... "No, not the Caddie, the T-bird. Thanks George."

AT TWELVE-FIFTEEN A.M. the "Bird" was wheeling through lower Broadway and into the lanes approaching the ferry slip. Randall braked before the toll-gate, passed over the sixty-five cents for a ticket and bumped aboard the old boat that was waiting with its blunt end against the dock.

Randall eased out of the Thunderbird and crossed over into the yellow light of the passageway, through the swinging doors and up the steps to the top deck.

In the main cabin he saw the neon-lighted snack bar, two drunks asleep on the slatted benches and an old scrubwoman reading a dog-eared tabloid on her way home from a night's work. But no sign of Nick Warden.

Randall walked down the long, brightly lighted aisle and sat down on a stool at the counter. "Coffee and a cruller," he told the sleepy counter-man.

Still no sign of Warden. As the coffee was sloshed down in front of him Randall noticed that where there had been two drunks asleep on the benches now there was only one. The second man was walking unsteadily towards the counter. The unshaven

"The attention you got doesn't go with every case I handle," I grinned.

A broad smile broke over his big handsome face.

"Then maybe you'll go out with me tonight."

"Okay," I replied, "and now it's on my own time, so what more can you ask?"

THE END

Private Eye

derelict, in a patched and faded denim jacket and nondescript trousers sat down next to Randall and pulled the ragged straw hat away from his face.

It was Nick Warden.

"It's been a long time Mark."

"It certainly has Nick. And from all the earmarks of this meeting it looks as though we're going to do more than just visit with each other for a while."

"Give the man a cigar," cracked Warden. "I know you aren't in the service Mark and haven't been for ten years now. But you are in the reserves and I've volunteered you for a quick job that needs doing."

Randall blinked in disbelief but knew that if Warden had chosen him there must be good reason.

"What needs doing, Nick?" asked Randall.

"Good. I'm glad you're with us." Warden paused, shifted around on the counter stool and then motioned Randall to follow him. They stepped quickly out onto the open deck and faced into the cool summer's breeze.

"Do you remember Irene Tedescu?" Randall nodded. He certainly did remember the beautiful, red-haired and green-eyed Irene who ten years ago as a girl just out of her teens had been one of the top Red agents in Berlin.

Warden continued.

"She's coming over to our side and she's bringing along a full list of red espionage agents working in the U.S. and Canada. We've had only one message from her. She's due in this morning aboard the new Italian luxury liner that'll pass Ambrose light in the Outer Bay at about 4:15 a.m. She's not a passenger but she's working as a manicurist in the First Class Men's Barber Shop.

"Mark, we've got to get her off and we have to lay our hands on those other agents aboard that ship who don't want our pretty little pigeon to start cooing."

Warden took a breath and went on with his story.

"Mark we have arranged for you to get out to the ship as a Health Inspector with the Coast Guard people when the boat stops in quarantine.

"We picked you Mark, because Irene knows you and knows that you're one of us. Once you've got her off the boat you've got to get her to your apartment. You remember Jeff Walsh?... good... he'll be in your

(Continued on page 48)

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RED MEANS BLOOD

place when you get there. We've got our men on the doors in the elevators and in the garage of your building. Everything should be okay, Mark, once you get inside. There's going to be a white ambulance waiting at dockside for you to use as a cover car. One of my men will be driving. Any questions?"

"Only one," said Randall. "Am I dreaming all of this?"

"You're not dreaming buddy. This is so real in fact that you could get yourself killed. You can back away

"I'm in," said Randall. "Wish me luck. I'll need it in the next few hours."

WHEN THE FERRY DOCKED, Randall drove the Thunderbird up and over the ramp, pushed hard uphill for a fast quarter-mile and raced across the island. He hit an open stretch and then the straightaway leading to Outerbridge Crossing. Across the long span and then onto the Jersey flats reeking with chemical stench Randall pushed the Bird hard until he hit the tunnel to New York.

By one-thirty a.m. he was back in N.Y. and heading east on garishly lighted Forty-Second St., past Times Square and over east to the River.

"Nothing to do now but wait," thought Randall. He picked up the mobile phone under the dash and called his answering service. He left a message to notify his office that all morning appointments were to be cancelled if he was not in at his usual time. Randall put the phone back into its cradle, drew out a silver cigarette case and lit up. As he smoked he loaded half a dozen extra clips for the Webley from a cartridge box in the dash and shoved them into loops in his shoulder sling.

At four a.m. the T-Bird passed through the gate of the Coast Guard Pier on the East River. Customs and Immigration men were assembling to board the cutter going out to meet the incoming liner.

Randall walked into the pre-fab hut, picked up a mug of coffee on a raw wooden table under a sign that read "Help Yourself," and headed for the door marked "Chief Health Inspector."

The gilt lettered sign on the scarred desk read, "A. M. Goldberg, Chief, U.S. Health Service." Goldberg was standing over a yellowed sink in his undershirt scraping off a beard. "You



must be Randall," he asked, looking Mark over from his view in the mirror. "I'm Abe Goldberg. I'm not going to ask what's up but that doesn't mean I'm not curious as hell."

Mark liked the big man's manner and chuckled. Goldberg shrugged a shoulder towards a metal locker and said, "You'll find a uniform in there and all of your Health Service credentials are in the inside pocket."

At five-thirty a.m., just as the grey light was starting to uncover the misty skyline of lower Manhattan, the Coast Guard cutter drew alongside the Italian liner out in the bay. Lines were secured and ladders put down for the inspectors and reporters. On the way up the ladder Goldberg told Randall, "You're on your own buddy boy." Mark squeezed the big man's shoulder affectionately and hoisted himself aboard the liner. Sub-officers of the ship were waiting at the head of the ladder to escort officials to the checkpoints. Randall looked at one and said, "Crew's quarters—female."

"Follow me, please," said the young, blue-capped seaman.

They headed for the stern and the lower decks. In the crew's dining room a table and chairs had been set up and the chambermaids, beauticians and other female employees were waiting to be cleared to go ashore.

Randall sat down and picked up the list on the table. "As I call your name please step up and show your health cards."

He started reading the roll and one by one the women stepped forward and showed their innoculation cards as Randall stamped them "O.K."

The line moved fast and within half an hour he was down to the names starting with "T." Randall's eyes scanned the room but still he saw no sign of the woman he was looking for. Even in this crowd she would have been a standout. He continued calling names... "Tebaldi, Techanowski, Tedder." They kept filing up to the table. Then he called Tedescu...

none appeared. He called it again, his eyes searching the room, and still none came up. Randall called the name a third time and a woman he hadn't noticed before stepped up to the table and dropped a health card marked "Tedescu, Irene." But Randall knew this wasn't Irene. He stamped the card and asked another Health officer who had come in a few minutes earlier to relieve him.

Randall waved a smiling thanks to the officer and walked out of the cabin. The girl who had presented Irene Tedescu's card was gone. Randall thought fast. If Irene had been able to, she would have presented that card herself. But instead someone else had done it.

Randall flipped the pages of his copy of the crew list and read down until he saw Tedescu: A # 432. He sprinted around the deck and down three flights to "A Deck" until he came to # 432. Randall knew that in setups like this two cabins usually shared one bathroom. He counted off even numbers from where the passageway began and decided that # 434 and # 432 shared the same bath. He tried the door of # 434 and it came open easily. None was in the room

and he locked the hallway door behind him. Stepping quietly, Randall loosened his uniform belt and unlimbered the .38. Without a sound he opened the bathroom door.

THE MUSKY ODOR of steam and bath oils hit him in the face. The tub was full and just ready to be used but none was in it. The door to the next room, Irene's room, was ajar.

Mark drew his gun and kicked the door open. He jumped into the room in a crouch as a woman screamed. She wasn't Irene. It was the girl who had presented Irene's card to Randall ten minutes earlier at the health check.

The lean, long legged blonde standing in panties with her hands busy with bra hooks spun around in surprise when she heard the door open and saw Randall standing there.

With a throaty and angry Italian voice she asked, "Is this part of a health inspector's job?" Her deep black eyes glared at Randall but he wasn't looking at the eyes.

Tauntingly she let the bra fall and twisted her lush olive-skinned body for Randall to see. "Am I healthy enough, Mr. Inspector," she laughed.

His eyes misted as he looked at the

beautiful body and seconds passed without a sound. Then she screamed at him, "Now get out of here, pig." Her anger turned into a warm and teasing smile and she added . . . "but may be you come back later."

"No," said Randall, coming back to his senses, all I want is an answer to one question.

"I bet I know what that question is," said the girl as she walked with arched back to the bathroom door where Randall was standing. "Never mind," said Randall, smiling, "you've already answered THAT question. I have another one."

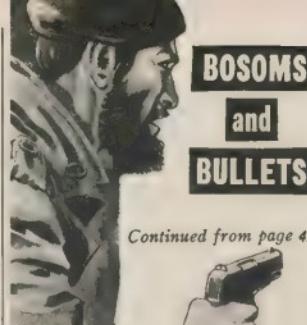
She pouted and looked confused then Randall shot, "Where is Irene Tadescu?"

The girl twisted towards Randall again put her arms around his neck and rubbed the tips of her breasts against his chest. "You like Irene more maybe?"

Randall took another look at the woman against him and answered, "No, I no like Irene more but I still want to know where she is."

The blonde spun away and threw herself across the bed, her long black hair spreading against the white sheets

(Continued on page 50)



Continued from page 45

a motor and the screaming of tires told me the boys weren't hanging around. I ducked out of the alley and looked around. People had heard the shots and were coming out from all directions. Even a cabbie who heard the shots, inquisitively pulled up. I grabbed the girls by the arm and hustled them in.

"Hotel Beauxley driver."

Traffic was pretty heavy at that hour, and the cabbie was gabby all the way uptown. I hardly had a chance to discuss this attack with my two beauties. It began to strike me pretty odd that someone would go to all this trouble to try and knock off two wit-

nesses to a murder that hasn't been publicized. If there was a murder. I would have to be more on my guard.

T

HE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL was sure swank. It was filled with the cream of society, and enough ice to make a skating rink. I actually felt like one of them as I escorted my two beauties toward the elevator.

"Hey Sam" I turned at a familiar gruff voice. "If it isn't Lieutenant Cy Jackson, the only beatnik cop on the force." Cy was a good detective, and also a good friend. We both had a few things in common. Good art and good music. My style, of course. "Sam, I looked up the who's who, and social register, and by jimmyni, I must've overlooked your name."

"You flatter me Cy, but I have been retained by these packages of loveliness from South America to escort them here and then to their plane. You know, admirers getting too friendly and such."

I introduced the girls to Cy.

"My sister Maria and I are pleased to meet you Mr. Jackson."

I gave Cy the wise guy look and entered the elevator with my clients.

(Continued on page 64)

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RED MEANS BLOOD

beneath her. She pouted and shrugged her shoulders. "She share cabin with me but last night she not sleep here." The woman moved provocatively and giggled, "Maybe she have boyfriend on ship?"

"When did you see her last," asked Randall. "Was about 11 o'clock last night," said the girl growing serious as she saw the determination in Mark's eyes. "Chief Steward came and ask Irene if she mind making manicure for big shot passenger in first class suite for ten dollar. Irene say she not want to go and I say for ten dollars I go. But steward he say passenger asked for Irene and that she better go or no liberty in New York. So, Irene, she go."

"What cabin did she go to," asked Mark. The girl looked at him and said, "Irene is my friend and maybe that none of your business." Randall's eyes narrowed and he moved toward the bed where she was stretched out. "I'm making it my business," he said between clenched teeth. If you don't tell me I'll put black and blue patches all over that beautiful skin of yours."

"Okay tough guy, okay." She reached over to a nightstand and handed Randall a slip of paper. "Here's paper with Cabin number that Steward give Irene last night."

Randall looked at the slip and saw "Boat Deck, Suite F" scrawled across the paper. "Thanks," said Randall "now you can finish what you were doing." The blonde rolled over on her back, ran her hands across her naked breasts and softly breathed, "I like to finish with you big man." Randall looked back with a promise in his eyes as he slipped out of the room.

HE SPRINTED FORWARD and then up three gangways to the Boat Deck. In front of Suite F he paused for a moment and then knocked.

"Ja, who iss dere?" asked a gruff, heavily accented voiced from behind the door. "U.S. Health Inspector," shouted Randall. "Already been inspected," growled the voice as feet shuffled towards the door. "Never mind," answered Randall, drawing his gun again, "I have to ask some more questions."

The door swung open and a giant of a man filled the doorway. Randall punched the barrel of his .38 into the flab of the giant's belly and said, "Step

back and don't make a sound if you want to live." The bald giant's face froze in terror as he did what Warden ordered.

A voice from the bedroom called out in Russian, "What was that all about?" Randall understood enough Russian from his Berlin days and whispered to the quivering giant in front of him. "Tell him nothing, nothing at all." The man uttered the words and stared down at the silver blue barrel probing into the folds of flesh below his waistline.

Randall looked up at the man. Through clenched teeth he asked, "Is the Tedesco girl in there?" The giant's eyes darted around frantically and he stammered, "No gurrl, Is no gurl dere." Randall drove the hard steel of the gun barrel deeper into the man's belly and pulled the hammer back with his thumb. Eyes wide open, the big man gasped, "... no kill, please no kill me. Gurrl iss inside..."

Randall shoved him around and walked him to the bedroom door. The man shaking and in a cold sweat, moved as though he was a robot. "Now open it," said Randall pointing to the door and hiding his own six feet behind the man's hulk.

A blaze of gunfire ripped through the stillness of the suite as half a dozen slugs tore into the fatty flesh of the body shielding Randall. As the giant's groaning body started to fall Mark hand-pumped the Webley at the gunman. The smoking automatic fell to the floor as the man spun to the floor with blood pumping out of a head wound.

Randall smashed into the stateroom and in a short exchange of fire instantly killed the gunman who just shot his comrade full of holes.

Mark spotted the beautiful Irene Tedesco tied into a wheel chair in the corner, a bloody gag stuffed into her mouth.

Her eyes stared up at Randall in open disbelief as he pulled the gag away. "You," she breathed. "After all of these years!" Randall smiled but only for a second as the look of surprise on the girl's face turned to one of cold terror.

Mark didn't move but he felt someone behind him.

"That's right, Mr. Randall, do not move or I will kill you immediately," rasped a heavily accented voice.

Randall dropped his still smoking Webley and the man moved around to

* Private Eye

face him. It was Karl von Jurgund who Randall had known as an SS butcher in Nazi days and now in the pay of the reds.

The German smirked. "And so Herr Randall we meet again, ja? But this time is different, no?"

"No," said Randall, "you are in American territory and you won't get away. We'll get you and you'll be shipped back to Western Germany where you'll be tried and maybe even hanged as a war criminal."

Von Jurgund's face darkened and bubbles ran from the corners of his mouth. "I won't be caught Mr. Randall and I won't be tried. But even if I were it would give you no satisfaction because in less than thirty seconds you will be dead."

The German lifted his Spanish automatic high and levelled the barrel at Mark's head. From the corner of one eye Randall saw Irene scuffing her foot silently against the wheel of the chair she was tied into. A smile broke from the corner of von Jurgund's mouth and Randall could sense him beginning to squeeze the trigger.

Randall's eyes narrowed as he expected the end. Instead something caught him in the knees with a sharp clatter and he and the German went down in a writhing heap as Irene's wheelchair came spinning into them.

Randall landed on top of the German and grabbed his skinny neck with two hands as they struggled for the gun that had gone clattering across the floor. Irene in the wheelchair was in a heap in an opposite corner.

Mark pounded von Jurgund's head into the parquet flooring and made a dive for the glint of steel six feet away. The German, gasping for air was on top of him and digging his sharp nails into the skin beneath Randall's collar. Mark rolled with the monkey on his back and brought the barrel of the automatic crashing against the German's thin white face. As the blood ran from the cuts Randall grabbed the moaning killer and hefted him against the cabin wall. He lay there quietly, the blood smeared across his hair and face as Mark picked himself up and went to the girl in the toppled chair.

She was dazed from the fall and came awake with a murmur as Randall smoothed her copper-red hair softly. She looked up at him and Randall knew that the feelings he had in Berlin ten years ago were still very much alive.

(Continued on page 52)



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52

RED MEANS BLOOD

"Anymore of them?" gasped Randall. "No just these four," said Irene. "They got me up here last night by calling for a manicurist. I fell for it. Can you imagine? I must be losing my touch." Randall took her arm and reached for the phone with his free hand. He told the ship's operator to get his home number and held on. Randall heard the phone ring once and then the click as it was picked up.

"Mr. Randall's residence," answered a cool voice at the other end. This time Mark recognized Nick Warden's voice right away.

"It's not every lawyer that has a full Brigadier for a houseboy," he said. "We're not taking any chances," chuckled Warden. "What happened?"

"We win the ballgame," said Mark. "I've got two dead foul balls in the cabin and one more that might be but I haven't checked yet." Randall looked over at Irene and said, "I think we've got the pennant clinched too."

"Good work all around," said Warden. "The FBI will be aboard to look at the wreckage and there is an ambulance waiting for you two at dockside. Bring her here now."

"Okay Nick," said Randall.

Mark straightened out his inspector's uniform and looked over at Irene. "You keep that blanket around you and shield your face. We're going off in that wheelchair

Irene nodded silently and Randall opened the doors of the suite and wheeled the chair out onto the deck and down the gangway as knots of passengers stepped aside to let the "invalid" pass.

They rolled down the ramp into the pier shed where a private ambulance was waiting. As they got into the gleaming white wagon, Randall spotted the FBI men going aboard. The ambulance started with a low whine of its siren and picked its way across the pier and out into the glare of harborfront morning light.

Irene looked up at him from the ambulance bed and said, "Mark, you know why I came back don't you?"

Mark nodded but she went on.

"Ten years ago I was a wild war starved kid looking for adventure but I never forgot the things you told about the reds Mark. They were all true and I've been trying to get out for years.

"Shh," said Randall. "We'll have plenty of time to talk about that after everything is cleaned up." He smiled, bent down and kissed her gently and murmured, "plenty of time... plenty."

THE END



BARKER-KARPIS GANG

(Continued from page 27)

were soon underway. Slinky gun-molls shared the gangsters bedrooms, despite Ma's jealous tirades. The boys needed relaxation and the girls provided it.

Then, on January 17, 1934, the gang pulled their biggest deal of their career. Kidnapping Edward G. Bremer, president of St. Paul's Commercial Bank, he was taken to Illinois and held there for three weeks. The kidnapping aroused the nation. Upon receiving payment of \$200,000 in ransom the



gang released Bremer in Rochester, Minn. This was what the F. B. I. had been waiting for. Kidnapping came under their jurisdiction and they moved in on the case.

SPECIAL AGENT WALTER FERRIS and a hand-picked group of investigators were given the difficult task of tracking the kidnappers down.

Their first clue was a fingerprint. When Bremer was taken from Bensen

(Continued on page 54)

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BARKER-KARPIS GANG

(Continued from page 52)

ville, Illinois, to Rochester, Minn., he recalled that his abductors had filled the gas tank from an emergency can which was later tossed out of the car. Alerting the communities between Benerville and Rochester to be on the lookout for such a can, the G-men struck pay-dirt when a farmer turned up with it. In the F. B. I. laboratory a latent fingerprint, identified as that of Arthur Barker, was developed on the can.

Knowing they were now dealing with the Barker-Karpis Gang, the Agents intensified their search. Here was an opportunity to bring the vicious gang to bay, and the G-men warmed to their task.

In St. Paul, the F. B. I. Agents turned up a second clue. The four flashlights used by the gang to give the pay-off signal were found and traced. The salesgirl who sold them identified Karpis from a photograph as the man who purchased them. The chase was on.

As THE PRESSURE OF PURSUIT mounted the gang used every possible means to elude capture. They even underwent plastic surgery, and Karpis had his fingers shaved almost to the bone in a futile effort to alter his fingerprints. These were desperate days indeed as one gang member after another fell into the F. B. I.'s tightening net.

There was the matter of Russell Gibson, one of the gang's younger members. Gibson was holed up in a Chicago apartment with his mistress when the F. B. I. closed in. Panicked, the girl cried out. She pleaded that Gibson surrender. Gibson's reaction was to snatch up his loaded rifle. Flinging open the door he fired away. In the ensuing battle, and despite the fact that Gibson wore a bullet-proof vest, the G-men aim was unerring. A well placed shot nailed the gangster and he fell dead on the landing.

Gibson's death added to the gang's jittery nerves. By the fall of '34 a dozen more of the gang had been picked up by the F. B. I. and three were killed when resisting arrest.

In Cleveland, Karpis, the two Barker boys, Fred and Arthur, and two of their hoods were staying in a hotel. Their girls were with them, including

Karpis' mistress, shapely Dolores Delaney. Overwrought and tense, the girls had indulged in a drinking bout.

One of them turned on a radio and tuned in a hot band. Liquored up, they kicked off their shoes, wriggled out of their clothes. One began to strip-tease. Stark naked, she was doing the burlesque version of the bump and the grind when the wail of sirens filled the night. The hotel desk had been flooded with complaints and the riot squad was on its way.

"The cops!" yelled one of the gangsters.

Sobered by fear, the girls scrambled into their clothes as the gangsters hustled them out. Leaving by the hotel's side entrance, they raced for their car as the police roared up. Karpis opened fire as the squad car screeched to a halt. Within seconds the police were returning the fire. Terrified bystanders screamed in terror as bullets whined and splattered against the sidewalk and the walls of buildings.

Still, despite the furious exchange laid down by the police, the gangsters and their molls managed to pile into their getaway car. A last burst filled the swaying vehicle with holes as it roared off, into the night.

The narrow escape led to their splitting up.

"It's the best bet," Karpis announced. "Dolores and me are headin' for Cuba. You boys had better make tracks too."

ARTHUR BARKER WENT OFF TO CHICAGO. Ma and Fred headed south. Despite these maneuvers, the F. B. I. kept up dogged pursuit. Luck came to them in Chicago when they nabbed Arthur Barker in his hideout.

"I don't know where Ma and Fred is," he protested when questioned.

Going through his pockets the agents found a map of Florida with a circle pencilled around the town of Ocala.

Special agents Walter Ferris and Dave McMorris along with 11 other selected investigators boarded a plane out of Chicago not long afterwards. Arriving in Ocala they began their investigation.

"Sure I know him," a local merchant remarked while pointing to a picture of Fred Barker. "His name is

Private Eye

Blackburn. He and his mother have a real nice place out on Lake Weir."

A stake-out in the vicinity of the cottage positively identified the occupants as being Ma and Fred Barker.

In the pre-dawn light of January 17, 1935, the F. B. I. men closed in. Five agents were posted on the highway to deroute traffic. Seven others, led by Walter Ferris, crept forward and surrounded the silent, palm-shaded cottage.

When Ferris' first warning was ignored, the G-men slipped their guns off safety and braced themselves. When the burst of machine-gun fire from the cottage sent Ferris scurrying for cover, a withering fire was returned.

THE BATTLE RANGED for two hours. As machine-gun fire continued to come from an upstairs window, the G-men poured bullets and tear gas into every part of the house. At long last there was no responsive shooting from the cottage.

Moving forward cautiously the G-men entered the bullet-ridden building. In an upstairs bedroom lie the bodies of Ma and Fred Barker. Both were dead. Fred had been shot eleven times, Ma three. Ironically enough, they had died exactly one year to the day after the Bremer kidnaping. A year of pur-suit had ended in an anniversary of death.

Alvin Karpis was captured in New Orleans some months later, and both he and Arthur Barker were sentenced to life imprisonment in *Alcatraz*. In January, 1939, Arthur Barker was killed while attempting to escape. Karpis continues to serve. Like others before them, the infamous Barker-Karpis Gang had come to its ignominious end.

* * *

Since members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have always preferred anonymity for the better performance of their hazardous duties, it is in compliance with this preference that the actual names of the F. B. I. agents have not been used in this factual account.

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SIMPLY SONGS OF SEX-MAIL
(Continued from page 12)

I climbed into my convertible and wheeled through the afternoon traffic to Annette Dahl's apartment. A 20-buck bill bought me little information—but not much—from the doorman. The building superintendent cost another 20. That was for answers. I gave him a folded C-note when he told me Annette and the tenants of the apartment next to hers were all out.

"I'm a private," I grunted, flashing my buzzer. "I want to take a fast look around."

Annette's apartment was sexy—sexy as hell. I went through it fast and found nothing but a fortune in clothes and furs

I also found the one-way glass mirror—right beside the bed, where it would reflect all the intimate details of the outings and games. The next-door apartment was deserted—and all the recording and photographic equipment had been cleaned out.

"When does the doll come back?" I asked the super.

"She usually comes in around six or seven—then, if her sugar-poppa don't show, she goes out and doesn't return until after midnight," he told me.

MY NEXT STOP was at the Daily Express office. Tad Hendry, the assistant city editor, was an old pal. He let me use the "morgue"—where the paper keeps its files and clippings on all the stories it has ever run. I dug into the envelope marked "Willoughby, J. Henderson."

I read through the clippings—society items mostly. Then, something in one of the gossip columns caught my eye. Karyn Willoughby had been seen at the Key Largo—the night club where Annette Dahl tried to make like a chanteuse.

It took me an hour to get out to her swank house in the upper-crust suburbs.

To my surprise, Karyn Willoughby opened the door herself. She must've been dressing to go out, for she was wearing a sheer robe—

"Your husband sent me," I lied to her.

Karyn Willoughby—5' 6" of lush and lovely female—stepped aside and nodded for me to come inside. She led me into a drawing room, asked me if I wanted a drink and, when I said I'd have Scotch, mixed two at the corner bar.

"Let's not fence," she murmured again. "I know who you are—and what you are. My husband had my private detective trailing him when he went to your office!"

"So?"

"So, drop my husband's case!" she snapped. "Forget the whole thing—and I'll make it worth your while!"

"Yeah?" I drawled. "How?"

"With money—and with this," she said. She put her glass down and moved toward me. In a moment, she was in my arms and her hungry mouth burned against mine.

I felt the soft, perfumed curves. She was all over me—and I figured I might as well relax and enjoy whatever came next. An instant later the nymph jerked herself free, lashed out with her right hand and raked my map with her long, red nails.

"Get out," she smiled. "Now. If you're smart, you'll chuck the case over. And as I said, then you can come back."

I got. I climbed into my car. It was 6:30. I started back for town. I stopped off and made a phone call to Willoughby, had a couple of double Scotches and a bleeding steak—and went to a movie. I came out of the theater at 11:45 p.m.

A

NETTE DAHL LIVED in a huge apartment building. The doorman I'd greased had gone off duty and there

(Continued on page 58)

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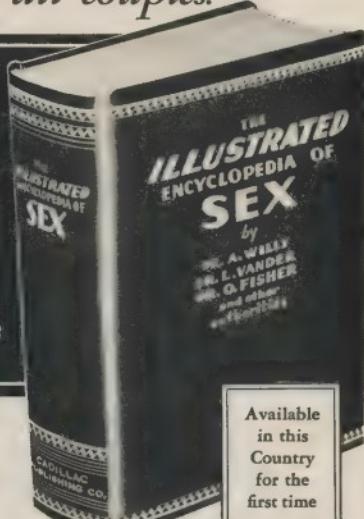
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SING A SONG OF SEX-MAIL

(Continued from page 56)

was another in his place. I breezed past him, got into one of the self-service elevators and went up to Annette's floor. I listened carefully. There were no sounds from inside. I took out a passkey, opened the door and let myself in. It was dark—and I sat down in an overstuffed chair to wait for her to come home. The Key Largo Club closed at 2:00 a.m.

She opened the door, came in and switched on the lights. She was startled, frightened to find me sitting inside. Her gorgeous face grew pale—and with her flaming redhair, the effect was to make her even more strikingly beautiful.

"What do you want?" Annette whispered in terror.

"I want to give you a chance to get out of a nasty deal with a whole skin," I told the girl. "I want to save you five years—years that you'll be spending in the can if you don't cooperate."

"I—I didn't want to do it," she said—and began to sob. "They—they made me . . ."

"Yeah, I figured that," I said—and I let her cry for a few minutes.

"Johnny Fuori and Pete Nestor—they manage the club—made me do it," she wailed. "They said they'd kill me if I didn't help them and that—that bitch!"

"Got a drink in the house?" I inquired. Annette nodded. She told me where to find the bar. I poured two big ones—one for her and the other for myself. I made her drink hers and downed mine.

"Congratulate me," I grinned. Annette's eyes—red-rimmed and swollen—showed that she didn't know what the hell I was talking about.

"Why?" she wanted to know in a hoarse whisper.

"Because I figured it all out a lot sooner than I'd expected."

"Will—will I go to jail?" Annette begged. I shook my head.

"I doubt it," I said. "I doubt it very . . ."

I never finished the sentence. She reached up and took my hands. She drew me down to her. Her lips were parted, moist. They came for mine. I kissed her and she moaned softly.

"What—what is this—a payoff?" I growled.

"No—no, Adam," she whimpered. "But it's been so long—since I've been

loved by anyone young and handsome. I—I hated it with Willoughby. He was sick, crazy."

I didn't say anything. I reached out—and turned off the light . . .

TE WAS ALMOST 6:00 A.M. when I left. Annette was sleeping peacefully in her big playground bed when I slipped out of the apartment and went downstairs to my car. I climbed in, kicked over the engine—and headed for Karyn Willoughby's.

I parked a block from her house, walked to the front door and wangled it open with another passkey. I took off my shoes and eased inside. I found the stairs, climbed them and went down long hall, stopping in front of each door along it, listening until I heard breathing from behind the next to last door in the corridor.

I eased the door open. It squeaked. I cursed under my breath and shoved it wide, reaching for the .38 snuggled up under my armpit at the same time. I didn't move fast enough, though.

"Hold it, bastard!"

I froze. The voice was a man's—and it came from the chair near the bed. Also there were two people in the bed—Karyn Willoughby and a scrawny, greasy-haired little rat.

"Expecting me?" I asked.

"Wise punk!" Karyn's boy friend in the chair snarled. "I ought to . . ."

"Don't, Johnny, for God's sake!" Karyn yelled.

"Hell, he's a burglar—and so I shoot him . . ."

"Then the police will come—and my husband will find out. We won't get a penny! . . ."

That stopped Johnny Fuori from pulling the trigger. It also made him look towards the bed, threw him off balance—and gave me the one-in-a-thousand chance. I took the odds—and dived.

I landed on him and the force carried both of us on the bed—on top of Karyn. I felt her writhe under me—and I can't say that it was an unpleasant feeling, but I didn't have time to think any more about it. I hit Fuori in the mouth with my right fist—and I felt teeth snap and break. I grabbed the other guy's hand—the one with the knife in it—and twisted.

"Help!" It was Karyn screaming. We were all tangled on the bed. Fuori

and Karyn were stark naked. It made things a little easier. I slugged Pete Nestor where no man should be slugged and then smashed his nose flat with the butt of the revolver that I took from Fuori.

He went out—ice cold. Karyn was trying to get out of the bed. I grabbed her, spun her around and slapped her twice across the face—hard.

"Get up!" I yelled at her.

"Adam—listen to me . . . I'll do anything . . ."

"Shut up!" I rasped. "There's only one thing you can do for me, you cheap little whore. You can tell me where they are—the pictures, the tapes, all of it . . ."

"No!" I hit her across the face—once, twice, three times.

She brought them all out of her wall-safe after that—all the negatives and the prints, all the tapes. I glanced at the glossy prints and swore.

"I can see why you left your husband," I told Karyn. "But why in the name of God did you have to go about things this way? Why did you and your punk boy-friend over there pull Annette into the deal?"

Karyn broke down. She broke down completely—and spilled her guts. It was an ugly, sordid story. Her husband never knew about her nymphomania or about the fact that she had what amounted almost to a fetishistic mania for tough guys, thugs and punks. Johnny Fuori and Pete Nestor were only the latest of a long string of greasy sneak-boys she'd played around with.

"I—I knew that if we ever got around to getting a divorce his lawyers would dig up all the facts," Karyn admitted. "Then, I knew he'd have me—and I wouldn't get a cent. I have no money of my own—and he has millions. Johnny, I and Pete thought that we could get plenty this way . . ."

"I figured something like that," I shrugged. "I read up on you and your husband. One columnist mentioned that your father had gone broke and committed suicide during the Crash. Several columns mentioned that you'd been hanging around Johnny Fuori's club—the Key Largo. So that left only two possibilities. Either you were in on it with Johnny, Pete and Annette as part of the setup—or you and the boys were together and Annette was being forced into playing decoy. I'm glad it's the last—I kind of like that redhead kid . . ."

(Continued on page 60)

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SING A SONG OF SEX-MAIL

(Continued from page 58)

I WAS TIRED—AND I FELT DIRTY. I went to my office and telephoned J. Henderson Willoughby.

"Come on up to my office," I told him. "I've got everything—and you can have it all for 25 Gees, \$15,000..."

He began to yowl and splatter. They're all like that—save them a milion and they'll argue about peanuts. "You said \$10,000!" he yelled.

"Okay, have it your way," I laughed. "Don't come around at all..."

He showed up, of course. I made him sit around until the banks opened and then we both went down and got the \$15,000—in cash. Then I took him back to my office and handed over the photographs and the tapes.

"The extra \$5,000 is for Annette," I told him. "That should tide her over until she can get herself straightened up and find another job. If you so much as go near her again, I'll have the guy you'll have to tangle with..."

"I never want to see her again!" he rasped. Then he wanted me to tell him the whole story—how and where I'd found the photographs and the recordings.

"That's my secret, Willoughby," I said. "It's none of your business..."

Hell, the way I looked at it, Karyn was no prize. She was a bitch, but her husband was a depraved s.o.b. There was no reason to give him any lever with which he could beat her out of the alimony he'd have to pay. Besides, to my way of thinking, that was something he and Karyn and their lawyers would have to fight out among themselves.

I watched Willoughby leave and then I had a stiff drink from the bottle in my desk drawer. I guzzled five, maybe six, fingers, tossed the empty jug into the wastebasket—and locked up the office.

Annette was still asleep when I showed up at her apartment. I punched the bell-button. She came to the door, sleepy and surprised.

I slipped inside, closed the door behind me. I gave her a fast rundown on what had happened, gave her the 5 Gees I'd gotten for her from Willoughby, and stood there grinning when she put her arms around me and kissed me.

I'll be damned if I didn't feel like a Boy Scout as I followed her back into her bedroom...

THE END

"I SMASHED THE VICE-PHOTO RACKET"

(Continued from page 32)

Bruno was a little man with a big drug habit and it clung to his back like a ten ton weight. It started to show now in the way his eyes were twitching, and in the yawns he couldn't stop. "Tom," he said to me in a desperate whisper. "You gotta get me somethin'. I need it bad. A snif. or a hook. Or H. H.'ll do. Tom." His clawlike hand grabbed me. "You gotta..."

I separated each of his fingers off my arm. "I don't have to do anything, Bruno... Besides, it won't help. Not for you. These screwups are going to put you in a little cell and lock the door and throw the key away.

"Please, you've got to help me. You can, Tom. You know them. They'll listen to you..."

"I have to trade them something, Bruno. There are two sides to a deal." His eyes grew wary as I went on.

"There's only one thing you've got to trade and that's a contact. A way to the inside of the racket..."

He backed away and fear was written on his face in capital letters. "No... I ain't bringin' no cops in. These boys I'm with for keeps and somebody will get hurt. Then I'll wind up in the middle with a great, big, empty bag..."

"Easy," I soothed. "It's not the cops. It's me..."

Kluive thought a moment, then he shrugged. "And if I agree, you'll get me out of here?" he asked doubtfully.

I smiled at him. "Before you can show me the way in, I have to show you the way out, don't I?" All of which goes to show that my business is like politics. It isn't what you know so much as who you know that gets the job done.

THE DIRTY PICTURE ROUTINE, as anybody who's been around police work knows, is a simple racket, depending on speed, secrecy and threats to maintain its safety. Bruno explained how his particular group worked as we rode downtown in a cab after I'd arranged for his release from the cell-



block. "The photo labs for the stills and the movies are hidden around town," he said. This was the film was processed and printed. Then it was sent to a central warehouse for storage until it was shipped out. From here they serviced a five state area.

"Who's your boss?"
"You don't know him..."

"I know every punk with an illegal angle going in town..."

"Not him. He's new..."

Bruno's contact with the big wheel was made through the Passer Pit, which was a strippers' cellar joint off Main. It was one of those smoky booze and broads spots where the tourists get taken down to their smallest change. Bruno and I walked down the steps and right away a headshot hit me in the chest with a pair of cleavages that looked like a crevace in the Italian Alps. But I brushed her, and then a blonde who was ready to promise anything for a bottle of forty dollar champagne. I was looking for one of my own kids whom I used in my divorce setup, and finally spotted one. She was a dark haired, dynamic, little thing with a body that made many a man getting setup for a divorce ready ready to start his mistakes all over again in her bed. But the only language she understood was the one spoken by good, hard cash. I motioned and she came over. I bought her a drink and told the waiter to be sure he used the whiskey instead of the beer bottle. She was surprised and maybe a little complimented. Then I pointed a finger from her to Bruno. I told them I wanted the boss guy's name. They were scared and said that they didn't have it. They only knew of him as Georgie...

I insisted I wanted to talk to him. But they said he was too tough. They couldn't dare cross him. He'd chill them, maybe for good. I asked them who they were more afraid of, this Georgie or me. They didn't have to make the choice because just then the chippie got a sarcastic smirk on her

lips. "Don't ask us," she said. "Ask Georgie. That's him coming down the stairs now..."

Through the smoke I looked toward the stairs. Georgie, hell! It was John Georgio, an oily haired young punk I'd seen in the morning lineup a couple of times. It was always on suspicion of strong arm stuff. I couldn't help but smile to myself as I realized that this was going to be no trouble.

The chippie wiped the smile from my face for she leaned over and let her long hair fall down so it touched my shoulders. I could smell the exotic perfume that was the mainstay of her profession and my eyes could look down her alpine crevace until it touched bottom. "Don't be so happy, Tommy," she whispered. "Your work is just beginning. Georgie there ain't really Mister Wheel. He's just the contact for little cogs like Bruno and me..."

I walked over to the table. Georgie was lounging back, with his hand wandering up the inside of a floozie's skirt, and his legs spread out over a couple of chairs. He didn't hear me come up behind him. Not until I reached out, grabbed each of two chairs and yanked so that his legs came down with a crash and the hooker went flying off his lap with a squeal.

The punk came up angry and red-faced, with his hand going inside his jacket. But I slapped him down with a flat-hand chop right across the Adams Apple. The fight drained out of him like it was toothpaste coming out of a tube as he gagged and choked and tried to get his breath back. In the meantime, I had leaned over and relieved him of his hand-iron, a nasty little .32 on a .38 frame that he carried in a shoulder holster.

The waiters and the prostitutes and the B girls stood around staring open mouthed. Georgie came off the floor fighting mad. But I took it out of him again, this time with a clout across the bridge of his nose that almost separated it from the rest of his face.

He was down for good and I had to lift him up. The whole front of his shirt was red as if somebody had taken his brush and painted solidly from his chin to his belly. I dropped him into a chair and sat across the table from him. Wordlessly he stared at me with black eyes bright with fear.

His voice croaked "I know you, Nolan. You're an eye..."

"And I'll give you a black one unless you address me as Mister..."

"What do you want, Mister?"

"I told you. I want to buy a ticket through to the other end of the line..."

"Why?"

"I'm a photographer. I take dirty pictures..."

"You don't know one end of the camera from the other..."

"But I know one end of a gun from the other," I said hardvoiced and watched him flinch. I continued in the same tone: "Punk, I'm not sitting here to play twenty questions. The information I've got and the reason I want to see your boss is a little too heavy for you to carry around comfortably. Someday, somebody might start a little squeeze on me; the cops might ask too many questions. Then I'd have to go back and clean out all the odds and ends that knew about my connection with this, ah, operation. What would you rather be, an odd or an end?"

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(Continued on page 62)

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of all though, were the women. There were six of them, each selected for long curving legs and tight little waists; for sharp, jutting breasts, and long, luxuriant hair. I could see exactly what they had been selected for. Not one of them wore clothing. The girls were giggling and taking different poses and playing circus. Then I saw why. There were men there. Most of them middle aged, bald headed, with cameras resting on their paunches.

The punk Georgio came across and thrust a camera at me. "Here," he sneered. "You wanna take pictures..." The bleeding had stopped but his nose was sore and red looking. The camera he gave me was a complicated one but I pretended I knew what I was doing and shot pictures, from every conceivable angle, of the girls doing things in broadly suggestive nude poses.

Finally the photo session seemed to be over and the middle aged slabs reluctantly slipped out of the room under instructions from one of the beef boys. I acted as though I would follow but they blocked the door. So I turned back.

And then somewhere in the house we heard a door open. There was a loud buzzer. On one wall a red light started to blink on and off.

"Come on," Georgio said, touching his tender nose and looking at me like he was going to get even. "You wanna meet the Wheel? Well, he's in now..."

I wasn't so sure but I didn't have a chance to argue. The two beef boys grabbed my arms and hustled me through the doorway behind Georgio. We went quickly through a long, dimly lighted hall. Then a door was opened, the three of them stood outside and I was pushed, right into a black, stygian gloom, as the door slammed behind me.

I was still blinking when a voice said in a hissing whisper. "So you was made it this far, Mister Nolan. I was afraid you might..."

The voice had a strange, haunting familiarity. I listened, trying to pin it down. My eyes were getting accustomed to the gloom and I could make out the shapes and forms in the room.

"You were foolish," the voice continued. "You were looking for something to get us on and so you came here and you took pictures of the naked girls. But that wasn't why you

came... was it?"

I looked into the gloom and I could not locate where he was as I answered, "No, it wasn't. I've got a plan. Big distribution, big contacts. The perfect front for your operation. A detective agency. You can distribute all over. Nobody would suspect."

The voice cut me off with a chuckle. "A good try, Nolan. Very good, very ingenious. But we know about you. We know what you do, who you see. One of our big fears was that someone would set you on our trail. Tonight, someone did. So you're here. It won't do you any good though. You can't do anything against us because you're in this. Right along with the worst of us. You're an accomplice, Mister Nolan. In fact, if anyone ever checks you're one of the leaders in our group... We have proof..."

Suddenly the darkness was split by a beam of light. The light hit the far wall and showed a picture in black and white. I was on the wall up there, leaning over naked girls and taking shots. The picture had been taken a little while before when I was in the other room.

"You see, Mister Nolan," the voice continued, "One picture is worth a thousand words. So you go home and forget about us. Otherwise we shall send prints of this and others like it to the police, the Obscene League, to the newspapers. You'll be ruined in this town. They'll hang you so high you'll be used as a sundial..."

I was silent a moment, thinking. That voice. I knew it. Knew it well. I was sure of it. And then it came to me. So simple. So beautifully easy. I laughed.

"This is no laughing matter, Mister Nolan."

"Oh, drop the noise. You can see me, so you know me. I can't see you, but I know you. Now I know your whole operation.

That voice sounded sad. "I'm sorry, Tom Nolan. I really am. I liked you, a hell of a lot. This is the way it'll have to be now. It's too big an operation to have you kick it over. Too much at stake, too well organized..." As he spoke a hand came into the light and it held a gun. The knuckles were whitening in a squeezing grip.

Not until then did I shoot him with Georgio's gun. I aimed for the thickest part of the body. A bullet going in there has to hit good. He choked, and his hand clenched; the gun went off

aiming at the ceiling.

At the sound of the shots the door burst open and Georgio came bursting in, flipping on the lights and waving a gun in his hand. At the sight of the weapon I held he stopped still and shivered and dropped his gun. I waved him to one side and waited. Sure enough, the other two came running in, one at a time.

They came in tough and waving their weapons until they saw my gun and the body on the floor. Then their resolution ran out.

I called a private number I'd been given. When it was answered I said, "Come on over. It's finished. The Wheel is dead, and I've got three little cogs waiting for someone to pick them up."

IN FIVE MINUTES the police were there. A prowler car hit first. They relieved me of my prisoners. Then I walked over to the dead man. It was a real shocker. To think that this man, who meant so much to law enforcement in this town was actually the big wheel behind the lucrative obscene literature racket. I couldn't get over it.

I said as much to Captain Pat Monahan when he arrived. He turned the body over and shook his head. "Chewett... the head of the Committee Against Obscenity. No wonder none of our boys could get inside the racket.

I flipped on the film projector and the picture appeared on the wall showing me taking pictures of naked girls. "He thought he had me with this. It was supposedly proof that I was in the gang..."

The prints and the movie films were stored right there in the same building with the offices of the Committee Against Obscenity. Chewett had used the old adage. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Only he'd actually taken over. Except for me. There he'd stubbed his toe. Because he didn't know I had one requisite every successful cop needs—luck.

I proved it again later that night when I got home.... The light came on. The dark haired girl from the bar, the well built one, smiled at me when I asked what she was doing in my bed. "You bought me a drink," she said. "And I didn't pay you for it." Then she lifted the sheet and I could see her gloriously naked figure. "Come on, Tommy," she said in a husky voice. "Collect..."

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BOSOMS and BULLETS

(Continued from page 49)

As I looked around me at the stuffed shirts, I began to feel more out of place.

We got off on the ninth floor and were met by a butler, and a few more friends of mine in blue.

"Your cards please."

The gals gave him the invites and went inside. I was to wait in the corridor with the officers of the law.

I could hear the ah's and oh's and knew that my two beautiful *señoritas* were going over with no strain. I settled back in my chair and began to think this whole thing over. As the evening wore on, my brain began to click. I went to the wall phone and asked to speak to my buddy Cy.

It was just about midnight, and the party sounded like it was first beginning, when Violet and Maria came out lugging their model cases.

"Sam darling you're such a strong sight to our eyes. Shall we go? We really must rush in order to make our plane at one o'clock." "Violet is right Sam. Why don't you say good-night to your policemen friends and escort us to the airport."

ISAY MY GOODBYES to the boys, took the girls down on the elevator, waved to Cy on the way out of the lobby and hailed a cab.

As we approached the lonely road leading to the airport, I turned to look out the back window. My suspicions were confirmed.

"Your boy friends are back." Violet began to shake, but it was Maria who spoke up as her hands tightened on the strap of the models bag. "Sam, if those men should start trouble, I would like to offer you an incentive of five hundred extra dollars to get rid of them."

Before I had a chance to answer, they cut in front of the cab, and forced us off the road. Two men got out, guns blazing as I answered their fire. The cabbie ducked under the dash and I shoved the girls out the other door. I got out myself, and as I dashed to cover behind the front fender, I noticed one of the boys had a bandage around his neck. I must have grazed him in our battle in the alley earlier.

They weren't kidding around. They wanted these gals real bad. One of them started running forward, his gun spitting flame. He got off a last shot as he pitched over with one of my slugs in his middle. I took a fast look. It was the guy with the bandage on his neck. I crawled closer, and could see that he was also a Latin.

The shooting from the other hood stopped. I held my fire, and after a few minutes . . .

"Señor, just throw me the models bags, and I will go. No more shooting."

"How about the murder the girls saw committed? Don't you want to shut them up about that?"

"Señor, the only murder they might have seen committed was the one just now when you shot my unfortunate friend lying in front of you."

I realized then how close I had come to making a fool of myself. If I hadn't thought it over sensibly in the corridor of the hotel, I might have been forced to turn in my badge. Or had it taken from me.

I cupped my hand to my mouth.

"Look, I know the whole deal now. Those girls have been carrying jewelry which they have been stealing from all those shindigs they've been going to. You set them up, and they pulled the old double cross by hiring me. That way, no split. You find out, and with the aid of your dead slob gave me a good going over in their room. The only time they didn't lie to me is when they told me their screams scared you off. They also figured with me as escort, my police friends wouldn't even bother to search the model cases. They also knew I have friends in customs. That bit about looking me up in the phone book was baloney. They checked pretty carefully before they picked me as the patsy, right Violet and Maria?"

I turned around to where the girls were and stared into two neat little automatics. Both pointing at my head.

Violet and Maria walked slowly around me. Violet made our cab driver come out, and then she yelled to the other character. "Pedro, let's forget about what's happened. We will make a deal, we shall split one third with you if you drive us safely away."

Whether he meant it or not, the creep accepted the offer in a hurry. They got into his car, and took off in the direction of the airport.

The cabbie still sweating bullets came over to me.

We got into the cab, and I told him to drive to the airport. On the way there, I told the driver how I figured the whole thing out, and then spoke it over with my buddy Cy. Cy was an efficient cop. By now the two chickies and their on again off again pal were in custody at the hangar. I took a look out the back and those headlights were sure to be Cy and a few officers. When we arrived, I saw that I was right on both counts.

A

S THE THREE WERE being led away, I offered a goodbye kiss to my ex clients, but they didn't seem to go for my little joke.

"Cy, let me ask you something. Those thefts were reported to the police and the insurance companies. How come they weren't made public?"

"It was very ticklish Sam. It meant questioning some very important and distinguished guests. It was reported all right, but requested to be handled under cover. I would say you're in line for a pretty good reward."

I sucked in some of that beautiful night air, and walked back to the squad car with Cy.

"In anticipation of that reward you were speaking about Cy, suppose we stop off some place, and I'll buy you a meal."

"I accept Sam. And you know what? I can sure go for a good Spanish meal. The kind they serve in that little place in your neighborhood."

I settled back in the seat and smiled. Cy could be a joker when he wanted to. I had enough Spanish dishes for awhile. I directed my next remark to officer O'Rourke who was driving.

"Drop us off at Chin Wong's."

Maybe it was the hour, or maybe the excitement, but I looked at Cy, and he looked at me, and we both started to laugh like hell.

THE END

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Safe Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the VITASAFE Plan, we will send you, absolutely free, a 30-day supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.P. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies you with more than twice the minimum daily requirements of Vitamins A, C, and D — five times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. Contains the entire formula of important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered — a vitamin that actually helps stop wrinkles and gray hair.

Glutamic Acid, an important protein constituent derived from natural wheat gluten, is also included in VITASAFE Capsules. And to top off this exclusive formula, which contains all the vitamins and minerals you need, now comes your important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. The formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

WHAT YOU MAY NEED THESE SAFE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals an essential factor in maintaining health and spendable for proper health — but some people actually need more than the average daily requirements established by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. And this is true for everyone — but try easier — if you work under pressure, subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains, with resulting improper eating habits . . . then you may be one of those who need more than the average daily minimum. In that case, VITASAFE C.P. CAPSULES may be "just what the doctor ordered" — because they contain the *most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category*.

AND THE BONUSES

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and

the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! When you use VITASAFE C.P. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states — pure ingredients — no-beneficial effects have been proven time and again

HOW AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES

With your free 30-day supply of VITASAFE High-Potency Capsules you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you need — plus the popular new Vitamin C — which you are never under any obligation? When you have received your first 30-day trial supply, simply take one VITASAFE Capsule every day to prove that this formula can help you feel better — or return it — and you remain the sole judge. If you are not completely satisfied, and do not wish to receive any additional vitamins, simply let us know by writing us before the next monthly shipment arrives. And we will refund the amount we will provide — and no future shipments will be sent. Yes, you are under no purchase obligation ever; you may cancel future shipments at any time.

But you'll be delighted to know that many people already are — you don't do a thing and you will continue to receive fresh, additional shipments regularly every month — just as long as you wish, automatically and on time — at a savings of 30% to 70% over the cost of buying individual items for each month supply. You take no risk whatever — you may drop out of this Plan any time you wish without spending an extra penny, by simply indicating your decision a few days before your next monthly shipment. Take advantage of our generous offer! Mail coupon now.

A VITASAFE PLAN FOR WOMEN

Women may also suffer from lack of pep, energy and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a lady in your house, you will do her a favor by giving her the *comprehensive attention*. Just have her check the "Women's Plan" box in the coupon.

MEN RECEIVE IN EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE:

Choline Inositol	21.4 mg.	Vitamin Q	75 mcg.	Phosphorus	50 mg.
Iron	15 mg.	Vitamin B ₁	5 mg.	Iron	30 mg.
d-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin B ₂	6.7 mg.	Cobalt	0.45 mg.
Glutamic Acid	10 mg.	Vitamin B ₆	1 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Levamisole	10 mg.	Nicotinamide	40 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Biotin	0.05 mg.	Calcium	100 mg.	Selenium	0.01 mg.
Vitamin A	5 mg.	Chromium	2.5 mcg.	Potassium	2 mg.
Vitamin K	1.936 USP Units	Vitamin B ₁₂	2.5 mcg.	Zinc	10 mg.
	1,936 USP Units	Calcium	75 mg.	Magnesium	3 mg.

Conserve the richness of this formula with any other vitamins and mineral preparations.
ALSO AVAILABLE, A VITASAFE PLAN FOR WOMEN. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

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We'll set you up just like we have so many other prosperous Mason Shoe Counselors and we do it *1 cent*—you never invest a dime of your own money. We start you with a complete selling outfit including a simplified, fool-proof measuring device, order blanks, demonstrator, plus complete instructions on how to use your equipment to close the most possible sales for the most possible profits. It's all FREE!

Just send the special coupon below. No postage stamp, no envelope needed. Mason carries a huge stock—230 different men's and women's dress, sport, work shoe styles—over 250,000 pairs of shoes in sizes 2½ to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE, so you offer a style, size and width for almost everyone. But you have no "stock" to worry about. Now, with demand for Mason comfort shoes at an all-time high, is the time to get started in business. Clip and mail the coupon today.

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